

# TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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## Around Town.

I spent last week on a hurried business trip through the Middle and New England States, and during the many idle hours that one is forced to spend on the trains and steamers, had an excellent opportunity of observing the fellow-beings near me. We often talk about those who observe and those who notice nothing, but really if one desires to study human nature, the pursuit of this knowledge, like that of any other sort, is attended with difficulties and must not be simply a passive, listless cognizance of what is going on about us. Of course, the best place on a train to see novelties is in an emigrant car, but I have got past that stage. I had rather be afflicted by monotony than by insects or bad odors, and they seem as inseparable from an emigrant coach as from Toronto Police Court. The so-called first-class passenger car is the next best place, but one does not care to spend an afternoon or evening fighting for the possession of half a seat, when journeying day after day has made rest of any kind doubly welcome. It has become an expression of reproach used quite frequently against those who take a very cursory view of the country of which they are about to write, that they have traveled through it on a Pullman car. One really sees but little variety, little individuality in a Pullman.

People get their seats, and as they travel for long distances become accustomed to them and thus attain a certain amount of self-possession which prevents them making those little exhibitions of themselves which mark the incoming and outgoing of the transient passenger on the way train. Did you ever notice with what fine scorn the through passenger regards the people who get on and off at way stations. How reluctantly he makes room for them. I can remember when I used to get on the train at a country station and enter the coach with a most apologetic air as if I recognized the fact that I had no business to intrude on the ladies and gentlemen who were from some large and indefinite place going to some other center of population far away. All the other passengers had an air of mystery and importance which I found it impossible to assume. Now, I cannot help looking on the wayfarer as a very unimportant person, particularly when he insists on crowding into my seat with an expression of regret that he is causing me so much inconvenience. I see in him the reproduction of the lanky boy who did the same thing a few years ago. As a rule such companions are uninteresting, their embarrassment and constraint making it impossible to judge them further than that they are unaccustomed to be away from home. The man and woman who furnish the best material for the observer are those who feel very sure of their status and become self-assertive and communicative.

In the next room to me at the Continental Hotel in Philadelphia, some young gentlemen who were professional baseballists were congregated. Their bell seemed to ring constantly; they wanted more pillows, oceans of ice water, beer, whisky and gin and all the luxuries that the house could afford. They stood at the door and yelled at the chambermaid, and she was evidently so well acquainted with their habits that when she brought them anything she put it down in front of the room and ran before they could get out. I imagine professional baseball players are not popular at hotels. Next morning I had the pleasure of traveling with them on the train. I was devoting my time to observing my fellow passengers, and rode with them in the first class passenger coach. The baseballists planked themselves one in a seat from one end of the car to the other. The coach became crowded. A woman nursing a baby sat down with a gentleman who was apparently the pitcher of the team. The boys began to call his name, and all at once broke out with Rock-Bye Baby, much to his discomfiture. Another lady was forced to sit in a seat with one of the players. She turned her back on her companion and gazed out of the opposite window. This is the sort of medley which followed:

"Oh, Bill."  
"Sav, Bill."  
"Are you there, Bill?"

Then some sentimental youngster started up Meet Me Again To-morrow Night, Love, after which all the boys sang She Had a Posy in Her Bonnet, which happened to be the case with the young lady in question. Then the entire crowd began to cry like an infant, and the pitcher who sat next to the baby looked very red in the face but not nearly so red as the mother. A large, stately and self-possessed man came in and took a seat with one of the players. The professional made room very unwillingly for the old gentleman, but he was not to be balked and got his seat. The rest of the crew immediately began to sing Are You There, Moriarity? followed by further references to "the posy in the bonnet" and the baby. The scene impressed me with the idea that baseball players, if the ones in question were samples, are very undesirable traveling companions, though they certainly have fun, such as it is.

Next morning in a New York hotel I had a very funny experience. A little hall terminated at the door of a room which was occupied by a lady. At the left hand was another door, and at the right was a door opening into my room. The gentleman across the hall from me had evidently been imbibing considerably, and when the bell-boy rapped at my door he invariably shouted "Come in." When a knock came at the door at the end of the hall the gentleman always cried "Come in," until

on just ready to go out. No, I told him; I hadn't called to see him at all. "Well, really, sah, I would like yo' to explain yo' presence in my room," I told him it didn't need any explanation, but if he felt like explaining why he was in my room, he might proceed. "Excuse me, sah," he replied, "yo' ah in my room, sah." I laughed, and asked him how he came out of his argument with the lady. "She is no lady, sah," said he, angrily. "I was trying to explain why I said 'Come in,' when he knocked at her do", and I thought he knocked at my do". I am a Kaintucky gentleman, sah; from Christian county, Kaintucky, from Hopkinsville, sah, and the lady rang for the bell-boy to have me put out as if I was a tramp, sah. Will you have a drink, sah. I've a bottle he in my valise, sah; real old Bourbon, fo'teen yeahs old, sah." I sat there while he hunted around the room till he found my valise and a realizing sense that he must be in the wrong room. "Why, this is not my valise," said he. "No, sir," I answered, "it's mine." "Excuse me, sah," he inquired, "but really I would like you to explain how it comes yo' are in my room." The door was open and I led him across the hall and when he found where he belonged, he was exceedingly profuse in his apologies. "I reckon," said he, looking at me with drunken gravity, "that I must be drunk, sah." I assured him that I thought he was.

When they got up and left the table the old man pulled up his half-starched collar, the old lady pulled down the sleeve of her dress and brushed the crumbs out of her lap, cast a look of contempt at the man who waited on the table and went out feeling that they had purchased the hotel.

On the ferry boat from New York to Weehawken, a black-bearded and brawny Lowland Scotchman—I guess the latter for his accent was but slightly marked—with a cast in his eye and a scowl on his brow which I feel sure belied a very kindly disposition, sat opposite to me with a nervous and nice-looking woman who was evidently his wife. It was also clear to me that she was going away on a visit and I am quite sure that he was a commercial traveler of some sort.

"Have you got your keys?" he demanded, shrilly.

"Yes," said she, "I have my keys."

"Where are they?"

"Here, in my portmanteau."

"Let me see them," he insisted.

While she was fumbling through the compartments of her purse trying to find them he reached over and snatched it.

"Great Lord," he said, "what a muss you've got yer bills in—"

He took her money out and straightened it on his knee, divided the bills into their various

about it. This is the through car on the West Shore. You don't change cars at all; I've told you three times and still you don't know." It really beat all to hear that man talk. He cautioned her about everything that could be imagined, scolded, gave advice, issued orders, warned her against every imaginary sort of evil, scolded, and finally put her in the sleeping car—and he had taken the pains to get the best berth—and told her to try and have some sense.

I was walking down the platform before the train pulled out and saw this cranky old customer starting back towards the train with a big tear in his eye. I warrant you he had recognized the fact that he had been talking like a first-class simpleton and intended to give that patient-faced wife of his one real hearty kiss and "God bless you" before she started. But the train began to move before he could get on board and the quiet little woman was sitting gazing demurely at her hands, too frightened to look out of the window and so didn't see him.

I often wonder how it is that so many men will insist on being cranky when their wives are going away or when they themselves are leaving home. The excitement of departure seems to breed within them a contentious and fault-finding spirit which leaves the worst possible impression. Men will fly into a rage over the packing of their valise or because their wives are not ready an hour or two before it is time to start. It is given to few men to know how to leave a good impression. Plenty of the male sex can make a very favorable impression but there are but few who can leave without spoiling it. I imagine there is not one man in a dozen who has the knack of even leaving a room without the appearance of abruptness, indifference or clumsiness. We laugh at women who say good-bye a dozen times over but it is very much pleasanter than to see a man snap out "Good night," and bolt for the door, or hum and haw and try to walk out backwards and stumble over himself. Among the Highland Scotch there is a custom that if you wish to dismiss a guest with cordiality you must walk a little way home with the departing visitor. Call even at the home of a Highland Scotch farmer and he will walk a little piece of the way with you to make you sure of your welcome. But bad as men are at leaving company they are much less fortunate in their manner of saying "Good-bye" to their wives, and much less careful in surrounding the farewell with an atmosphere of gentleness

and affection. I often wonder that women are as loyal and loving to men as they are when I see how careless husbands are in giving offense, making criticisms and offering unnecessary and peremptory advice. If I were a woman it seems to me I would rebel, but it is fortunate for us men that women are made of gentler material.

If the Anti-Jesuit movement has no other effect than the starting of an agitation for the abolition of the French language and Separate Schools in Manitoba it will have accomplished a good end. If Premier Greenway and his government can withstand the combat with a religious faction who will be joined by office-seekers and unprincipled opponents he will have led the van in a fight for the recognition of the principle that citizenship and no schism should be recognized by the laws of the land. If he is defeated it will be a lasting scandal on the people of the northwest. Conscientious Conservatives, and all those who believe in freeing our system of government from the control of sectarians should rally to his assistance. If he makes a fight on that line in Manitoba, I would be willing to dip into my small means for a contribution. If personally I could be of assistance to him, I would offer that assistance. If anything I could do or say would help him to win, I would do it or say it gladly; and I believe that this is the feeling of the English-speaking and English-feeling people of this province. However, if having put his hand to the plow he should look back, and is lured by the lust of office to retreat from his position, he will receive and merit the hearty contempt of those who will believe in him and support him if he continues in his present course. He has a great



THE YOUNG HUNTSMAN.

It was very hard for any of us to tell who the visitor was for. Finally the bell-boy rapped at the lady's door and the gentleman, opening his door at the same moment, after having shouted "Come in," discovered his mistake. After the lady's errand had been completed, the gentleman rapped at her door and when she opened it he began, "Madame, I came to apologize for tellin' the boy to come in when he knocked at yo' do". I was sho' he was knockin' at my do'. I have been tellin' him to come in all mo'nin' and I don't wish you to think I am not a gentleman for I can tell yo', madame, that I am a Kaintucky gentleman and I wouldn't do anything that wa'n't right." My door was partly open and I could see the Kentucky gentleman in his shirt sleeves leaning against the side of the door making his explanations with a great many grandiloquent waves of his hands. The lady seemed him it was all right; she had taken no offence. "Madame," said he, "I am a Kaintucky gentleman—from Christian county, Kaintucky, and I feel h'ut that I have to be tellin' that boy to come in when he was knockin' at yo' do". I thought he was knockin' at my do". The lady was trying to get her door shut but the K'entuckian's foot prevented it. She rang the bell, unnoticed by her obstreperous guest, and in the middle of his explanations, the bell-boy arrived. "Be kind enough," said she, "to show this gentleman his room; he imagines apparently that he belongs here." The Kentuckian withdrew his foot, the door slammed, and Mr. May marched into my apartment, apparently with the idea that he belonged there. "Good mo'nin', sah," he said, "Can I do anything fo' yo'?" I told him I was quite comfortable, thank you, but not realizing his mistake, he made no explanation. "Did yo' call to see me?" he said, for I had my hat

Down in the cafe of the St. James' Hotel I saw as pretty a little group of homely people as I ever expect to see outside a farm house—an old man and his wife, and a son who was so sun-burned that I imagined he must be a sailor. They were all ill at ease, but apparently determined to sample the best there was in the house, and when breakfast was served they watched the movements of the other guests before they began, and seemed a little bit uncertain as to what they ought to do with a good many of the extra dishes which were scattered about their plates. The mother was an excellent type of the thrifty farm wife. Having a little more to eat than she could dispose of she slapped a part of it on her husband's plate with that sudden and business-like movement so characteristic of a woman who is used to waiting on threshers and forcing pieces of pumpkin pie on the plates of bashful guests. So at the St. James' Hotel was not exceeded in magnitude anywhere in New York, except perhaps at Delmonico's. I saw her adjust her glasses and read over the items carefully, each paragraph exciting her scorn and wonder. I knew that freckled old body could not imagine how a beefsteak could be a dollar and a half, when at the farm gate they felt they were paying high prices when they gave ten cents a pound. Her active brain was busy counting how ten cents worth of beefsteak could get to be worth a dollar and a half in the frying, and I could see that she was dissatisfied at having to pay 25 cents for potatoes when she knew that sum ought to purchase a bushel. Tea, too, at 25 cents seemed to strike her as extortion, but the sailor-looking son settled the score with that cosmopolitan disregard of what things cost which is said to be a seaman-like

denominations, folded them and put them back again. Then he demanded,

"Are you sure this is the key of your trunk?" She said she was sure.

"Just as like as not you would take the key of the door; you always seem to lose your head when you start away anywhere."

She told him he could easily see that it was not the key of the door.

"Are you goin' to call on Anne when you get over there," he demanded, with still more asperity.

She said she didn't think she would. Anne hadn't called on her when she was in New York.

"Well, she's expectin' you anyway," he said.

"I want you to go an' see her."

She said if he insisted on her going to see Anne she would.

"I suppose you'll go an' see Lizzie?" he snapped.

Yes' of course, she would go and see Lizzie.

"Huh" he snorted, "she came to see you all right enough; had to chase her away from the house with a club—

"Did yeh tell the milkman not to call?"

No; she admitted that she hadn't thought of it.

"You'll break your neck some day by not thinking of it."

She looked across the ferry at the row of passengers who were listening to the conversation and a queer sort of wintry smile broke over her patient face.

"How many times do you change cars?" he demanded.

"Really, I forget," she answered. "We changed at the Bridge and at Hamilton last time."

"There" he shouted, "that's all you know

opportunity to make himself remembered and to make his name one of the historical names of Canada if he persists in what I understand to be his intention. When he issues an appeal to the people of other provinces there will be a wave of sympathy which will sweep o'er Manitoba and obliterate the old party lines and make him feel that he has as honorable a mission and as brave and chivalrous a one as had the Crusader of old. He will be surrounded with difficulties, he may meet with temporary defeat, but if he is of the right kind of stuff he will win and he will win in a noble fight.

The movement on foot to give Mayor Clarke a reception of some kind when he arrives home after his mission to England is a thoroughly proper one. The *Telegram*, which is making a point of laughing at and belittling the popularity of those who do good service to its shrine, is not a pleasant spectacle. It is one degrading to municipal politics, suggestive of a small mind and envious disposition and cannot to the general public indicate any higher ideal of reward and punishment than that the most brazen shall be the most successful. It has seen fit to laugh at the movement to show Ald. Dodds that his efforts for the city's good were appreciated. As a matter of fact, what Ald. Dodds has done well for this city. He has been thoughtful, capable, strong-minded Mayor, and a little mark of public appreciation would encourage him to go on and do the best he can for us. The *Telegram*, however, whenever such a thing is suggested, must needs make fun of the friendship of men in personal kindness as well as public spirit devote some time and energy to originating a little welcome home and an expenditure of enthusiasm and good-fellowship which cannot but be pleasant to those who have been doing their best. If this mean-spirited and thoroughly contemptible attitude towards public men is to be maintained by the *Telegram* and other newspapers, if personal friendship and public spirit are to be laughed at as but the cheap equipments of a boor for office, how low an opinion we must have of one another. How unworthy must we esteem ourselves when a life-long friendship or years of attachment become insufficient in the eyes of a public journal to excuse such a demonstration as it is proposed to give Mayor Clarke. If we have not become too soured by our experience or too mean from our habit to believe in the propriety of friendship for a man who has done right and enthusiasm on behalf of one who has done public service, it will be timely for the citizens of Toronto to give Mayor Clarke such a welcome back to the city which has honored him and which he has honored as befits the occasion.

The Citizens' Association is growing in strength and influence daily. Its organization has been completed with an attention to detail and a thoroughness of grasp which promise great good. The next few weeks will develop the plan proposed and I am sure Toronto will have reason to congratulate itself on the result. Dox.

#### Social and Personal.

A Canadian residing at present in London, England, writes to me as follows: There have been several social gatherings in London lately, of interest to Canadians. The first was the annual Conversazione of the Royal Colonial Institute, of which the Prince of Wales is president. It was held in the Albert Hall and was a very brilliant affair. Two bands were furnished by regiments of the guards, one playing in the hall and the other in the conservatory. The arrangement of the building, with sloping seats round the arena and the different levels of the galleries and conservatory, lend themselves to give effect to a function of this kind and enable everything and everybody to be seen to advantage. The Marquis of Lorne and Lord Brassey were among the group of members of the Council, who received the guests and the former greeted most warmly his Canadian friends, many of whom, including Sir Donald Smith, Sir Charles and Lady Tupper and the Hon. O. and Mrs. Mowat, were present. A number of ex colonial governors and people in various ways connected with the colonies and outlying parts of the Empire are among the membership of the institute, the fellows of which number now about 4,000.

The dinner of the Imperial Federation League, at which Lord Herschell presided, was also attended by a number of Canadians, the speaking was good, but Sir Charles Tupper's was quite the speech of the evening. I was interested in comparing his manner and delivery with that of such a finished and forcible speaker as Lord Herschell, unquestionably Canada's High Commissioner does her credit in London. A few evenings ago Lord Rosebery, president of the league, invited a number of gentlemen to meet the members of the council and here Canada was well represented, Sir Donald Smith and the Mayor of Toronto being prominent among them. Mayor Clarke is jubilant over his success in placing the civic loan. The high credit of Toronto and of Canada in the money market is only an indication of the estimation in which the colonies are now held in England. Lord Rosebery observed that he knew of nothing more remarkable than the change in public opinion in this respect within a comparatively short time. To be a Canadian now entitles one to respect and consideration. It is within our recollection when the case was exactly opposite. English people are beginning to be alive to the fact that the colonies contain the cream of the Anglo-Saxon stock. By a process of natural selection the hardy and adventurous ones have emigrated and their natural abilities have been sharpened by the exigencies of life in a new country. The position of Canada as the constructor and custodian of the great arterial highway of the empire naturally directs attention to her, and so far from being an element of weakness to the empire she is

felt to be a link in the chain of imperial possessions of the greatest possible importance.

Among the many interested spectators at the lacrosse match held in the Rosedale grounds last Saturday afternoon I noticed: Mr. and Mrs. F. Fleming, Dr. and Miss Geikie, the Misses Denison, Miss Simpson, Mr. H. Boddy, Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Leigh, the Misses Meredith, Miss Bethune, the Misses King Dodds and Mr. Fred S. Jarvis, Miss Kirkpatrick, Mrs. Goodwin Gibson, Messrs. Sidney Small, Willie Spratt, the Misses Scott, Dr. and Mrs. Elliott, the Misses Denison, Mr. Harry Schofield, Miss Ince, Miss Sweetie Fisher, Miss Small, the Misses Jarvis, Mr. Grant Stewart, the Misses Macdonnell, Messrs. W. R. Moffatt, M. Royd, Ed. Sandys, Dr. Ferguson, Mr. Harold Muntz, Miss Frances, Miss McDonald, Miss Bain, Messrs. C. Hirschfelder, R. McLean.

A party of Toronto ladies and gentlemen spent the civic holiday on board the steam yacht Viola, a few miles below Alexandria Bay. Mrs. Fred. G. Cox proved herself to be the best fisherman of the party, having caught a pike about a yard long and several rock bass.

Miss Louson, who has recently returned to her home at Montreal, writes to a friend here that she is charmed with Toronto.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred J. Stewart and Miss Bethell, who have been spending a few days at Alexandria Bay, have returned to Center Island.

A correspondent has favored me with a letter from the city of Melbourne, Australia, containing an account of an event which should be of interest to all patriotic Canadians. The city of Melbourne has 450,000 inhabitants and among these are about 500 Canadians. About two years ago a Canadian club was formed under the title of the Canadian Club of Victoria, having for its secretary Mr. Charles W. Webb, B. A., formerly of Coborne, Ont. Through the medium of this club and their periodical gatherings a strong bond of union has been created and in that far away city the members do everything in their power to keep alive the patriotic flame and show their allegiance to the land of their birth.

The event referred to above was the second annual ball of the society, which was held on the evening of July 4. The choice of this evening instead of the evening of Dominion Day arose out of deference to some Americans who have joined the club. My correspondent informs me that many more Americans are anxious to be annexed, and that consequently it has been suggested that it be made a Canadian and American club. This amalgamation is closer even than commercial union. The ball was under the patronage of His Excellency Sir W. C. F. Robinson, the acting Governor of Victoria, Lady Robinson and suite. About two hundred and fifty Canadians and their friends were present, and the anniversary being unanimously voted a great success will now become an annually looked-for event. The floor of the Masonic hall was perfection, and the walls were decorated with flags and mottoes in relief of the principal cities in Canada, also Boston and New York, while the emblematic maple leaf was everywhere present—suspended from the walls in verdure green, embellishing the programmes in all its variety of tint, and worn by the members in silver as the society's badge. The stage represented a winter bush-scene with a wig-wam, a real live Canadian Indian moving about—headgear, war paint and all, and a snow storm. A graceful compliment to His Excellency was that of the company dancing to the orchestral rendition, The Silver Thaw, a waltz composed by himself in commemoration of the time of his governorship of Prince Edward Island in Canada. His Excellency and Miss Elliott, Lady Robinson and Hon. S. Fraser, M.L.C., took part in one of the first sets. The committee were generally congratulated on the success of their second anniversary.

Lady readers will be interested in reading a brief description of some of the costumes worn. Lady Robinson was attired in a beautiful gown of black silk and lace, with diamonds; Mrs. J. Forest, white and gold brocade, overpetticoat of pale blue, pearl ornaments; Miss Elliott, pale green liberty silk, with loops of ribbon; Miss M. Elliott, black silk and lace, bunches of roses; Mrs. Hoffman, striped silver and white brocade, with a court train of white corded silk, silver ornaments; Mrs. McLeod, black velvet and white silk; Miss McLeod, pale blue satin with white jet front; Miss Stach, pale pink liberty silk; Miss Outspan, French gray silk with jet drapings.

The following are the officers of the society and the ball committee: President, Hon. S. Fraser; Vice-Presidents, G. B. B. Elliott, W. B. Hoffman; Secretary, P. G. M'Innis; Committee, Messrs. C. W. Webb, R. Lormer, W. H. Masters, J. H. Blogg, C. McLeod, T. Graham, A. F. Spaw, S. McCarell, W. M. White, D. McKenzie, A. H. Somerville, W. Spottiswoode, Dr. Williams, Dr. Campbell, Mr. G. Sharpe.

The formal opening of Lake Island Park at Wilson, New York, took place on August 9. A large number of Toronto people went over on the Hastings.

Mr. E. W. Sandys has spent the week visiting his parents in Chatham, Ont., before setting out on a trip to the Pacific coast, where he intends to spend several months shooting big game and collecting experiences for his novel, *A Romance of the Rockies*.

The following are some of the guests registered at the Beaumaris hotel during the last week: Mrs. and Miss Strathy, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Wright, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Luke, Mrs. Ned Farrar, Miss Nellie Wills, Miss Nannie Hamilton, Messrs. H. Payne, F. Langmuir, F. McCleary, E. Hickson, E. W. Hickson, T. G. Ridout, A. Gowen Strathy, Geo. E. Boulter, S. Weylie McKeown, S. L. Capreol, Thomas G. Bright, H. W. Pringle, A. F. Arnold, J. G. Scott, J. E. Suckling, L. Stewart, T. Morrison, J. Walker, P. C. Bean, W. P. Donaldson, W. H. Holme, R. Morrison, E. C. Rutherford, J. R. Wilkie, Rev. A. and Mrs. Hart and two children of Toronto, Mr. H. M. Patterson, Mr. F. G. Domville, Dr.

S. and the Misses Cummings, Mr. J. W. Fraser of Hamilton, Mr. A. Rumsey of Woodstock, Mrs. and the Misses McLeod of Montreal, Mr. Robert C. de Mauritz of Guelph, Mr. J. B. Browning, Judge Lount of Bracebridge, Mr. J. G. Gander of Port Hope, Miss E. M. Baxter of Burlington, Mr. J. B. Sanson, Mr. J. F. Keene of London, Mr. J. A. Wallace of Brantford, Mr. G. H. White, Mr. H. C. K. Walker of Ingoldsby, Mr. D. G. Sinclair, Mr. W. E. Day of Dayton, Ohio, Mr. Jas. L. Foley, Mr. T. R. Spencer, Mrs. and the Misses Hubbard, Mr. B. W. Foley of Cincinnati, Ohio, Dr. and Mrs. A. B. Cooke of Syracuse, N. Y., Mr. S. C. and Mrs. Gill, Mr. J. H. Gill, Mr. J. L. and Miss Holten, Miss Eva Curley of Steubenville, Ohio, Dr. L. H. and Mrs. Willard, the Misses and Master L. Willard, Miss J. Wilson, Miss N. King of Allegheny, Pa., Mrs. H. H. Pike, nurse and two children, Mrs. A. Master, B. N. and Miss Annie Sinclair, infant and maid, of New York, Miss S. Douglas Cornell, Mr. E. C. Randall, Mr. C. B. Gibbs, Mr. R. H. Stafford, Mr. W. M. Citerley of Buffalo, N. Y., Mrs. Bellhouse, Mr. Vance White, Mr. Arthur A. Gibbs of Montreal.

Bang the field piece! Twang the lyre! Tell it not in Gath nor whisper it in the streets of Ascalon, but the great race has been rowed and won. Not by Hanlan nor by O'Connor and Searle, or any of the professional lights of this or other ages, but by men well known in commercial and social circles as Messrs. Paul Campbell and Fred Roper of the first part and Messrs. J. W. Stockwell and Jas. Hewlett of the second part. "Lorne Park—five o'clock—double sculls, and a barrel of flour for the Girls' Home" (by the losers) was the word last Saturday afternoon when the four scullers waited for the order "go." When that prince of starters, Mr. Davis, had pronounced the fateful word, eight sculls did not hit the water as one man, for the Roper-Campbell crew with remarkable forethought and energy had settled down to work before the Stockwell-Hewlett men had begun to "feel their oats." It was a stern race for the latter from start to finish. But what they lacked in science they made up for in pluck and energy, and if their boat's nose occasionally showed a desire to make for the Niagara shore the combined energy of the team soon brought it back to Lorne Park and a sense of duty once more. The course was nearly a mile in length, and when the Roper-Campbell boat shot past the winning post Mr. Henderson's chronometer registered four minutes exactly, the Stockwell-Hewlett boat coming in a quarter of a minute later. Although no money has changed hands on the result, beyond the price of the barrel of flour for the home, yet a good many opinions were exchanged as to the relative merits of the two teams. Both had gone in extensively for surreptitious practice in order to get ahead of the others. "Meet me by moonlight alone," was the watchword of both teams every evening last week, and if the Roper-Campbell boat was reported as "out at practice," the news was soon conveyed to Myrtle Cottage and the Stockwell-Hewlett were soon "bending to their oars." Amongst those on the wharf and the terrace who watched the race were: Mr. and Mrs. Robert Gooderham, Miss Gooderham, Miss L. Gooderham, Mc. F. Roper and family, Mr. J. Earle and family, Mr. J. W. Stockwell and family, Mr. B. Boustead and family, Mr. Paul Campbell and family, Mr. W. H. Orr and family, Mr. W. R. Henderson and family, Mr. W. J. Davis, Mr. Jas. Hewlett and family, Dr. Briggs and family, Mr. Geo. D. Perry and family, Mr. A. H. Alken and family, Mr. Robt. McCausland and family, Mr. Geo. Suckling and family, Mr. Wm. Lailey and family, Mr. J. M. Martin and family, Mr. E. Burke and family, Mr. John Evan, Jr., and family, Mr. A. R. Clark and family, Mr. L. Ritchie and family, Dr. Shaw and family, Rev. Mr. Lewis and family, Elliott Bros., Rice Bros., Morrice Bros., Henin Bros.

Miss Severs and Mr. Harry Jarvis have been engaged to sing in place of Miss McCallum and Mr. Taylor in the Carlton street Methodist Church during their vacation. Mr. Jarvis will sing to-morrow evening.

A party consisting of Mrs. Northery, Misses M. and J. Henwood of Toronto, Miss E. Dunstan, Miss Aggie Nimmo, Miss M. McKay of Hamilton, Dr. Henwood, Mr. J. S. Garret and Mr. B. I. Fleming Mason returned from a week's tour of the Mackinac on the Baltic last Monday. They expressed themselves as delighted with all the details of the trip with the one exception, that of its brevity. Some of the party left for a trip down the St. Lawrence, but will return in time for the carnival at Hamilton.

To say the regatta held last Monday (civic holiday) at Balmy Beach, was a success would convey but poorly an idea of the enjoyment of the occasion. The beach people are noted for their hospitality and the successful way in which they entertained their numerous and fashionable guests reflects credit on their enterprise and energy. Anderson's Band was in attendance and discoursed sweetly through the day. Mrs. John Dick, Mrs. Willie Banks, Mrs. Bingham and Mrs. Lyon had charge of the refreshment table, where lemonade, tea and coffee were served to thirsty crowds. In the evening to add to the natural beauty of the place Chinese lanterns were suspended from the trees. After the distribution of prizes by Sir Adam Wilson, who is a resident of the Beach during the summer months, a camp fire concert under the able management of Mr. John Dick was furnished. Mr. McGlashan sang a Scotch song for which he got a well deserved encore. Mr. Warburton was also well received. Mr. Paul Jarvis was splendid in his comic recitations and was brought back several times.

Mrs. J. O. Heward was in town again this week.

I am informed that the Colonel Williams Memorial Association has kindly given permission to have a private view of the bronze statue from the 15th to the 22nd of August in the grounds of "The Palace." Front street west, before it is taken to Port Hope. The ceremony of unveiling will be performed by Sir John A. Macdonald. The statue is the work of Mr. Hamilton McCarthy and its

form is familiar to many Torontonians through the small model being exhibited at the Ontario Society of Artists' exhibition.

Mr. Fred W. Stronger, assistant to Mr. Edgar A. Wills, J.P., secretary Board of Trade, left yesterday for two weeks' holiday to Mackinac and the Soo.

Mr. Dr. Young and Mrs. Jennings left on a trip to Mackinac last Thursday, where they will spend a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Thompson of Toronto have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Pirie at Slocum Lodge, St. Lamberts, opposite Montreal, one of the prettiest situations on the banks of the St. Lawrence.

The following list gives the names of some of those who have enjoyed their summer holidays at Cloverport: Mr. and Mrs. Hockin and family, Mr. and Mrs. Neelands and family of Port Hope, Mr. T. Whitehead of Rochester, also his Jolliness Mr. H. V. Sanders of Port Hope, who made the woods echo with his laughter, Mrs. Brown and daughter of Bracebridge. The following are still at Cloverport: Mrs. Patriarch and Miss Patriarch, Miss J. Semple, Miss M. B. Smith, Miss M. Gordon, Miss K. Semple, all of them and maid, Mr. and Mrs. McKechnie of London, Ont., who have been spending a few months with her sister, Mrs. H. M. Kipp of Bathurst street, returned home last week. Miss McKechnie takes with her the best wishes of her many friends, who made her acquaintance during her stay in Toronto, and who regretted her departure, but hope to see her make another visit to the Queen City.

Miss Katie Lamont of Chatham, who has been visiting Mrs. Nichol of Yorkville avenue, returned home last week.

The following guests are at Maplehurst hotel, Muskoka: Mr. and Mrs. James Mason and family, Miss Mary Cooper, Mr. J. G. Gibson, Mr. and Mrs. Thos. J. and Miss Jermyn of Toronto; Mr. Geo. Rutherford, Mr. and Mrs. David Kidd and Mrs. L. T. Newcomb of Hamilton, Mrs. Douglas Cornell of Buffalo, Miss E. M. Baxter of Burlington, Mrs. L. Hubbard and daughters and Mr. W. B. Foley of Covington, Ky., Mr. Jas. L. Foley of Cincinnati, Mrs. McLeod and the Misses McLeod of Montreal, Mr. W. Gibbs, Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Kirkpatrick and child, Miss Denison, Mrs. Miss and Master Lefroy of Toronto; Mr. and Mrs. Fred S. Wilkes of Brantford, Mr. Geo. W. Booth, Mr. and Mrs. E. Hickson and child of Toronto; Mr. W. S. Jefferson of Memphis, Tenn., Mr. H. C. Weekle and Mr. O. H. Demmler of Pittsburgh, Mr. A. B. Lefroy and Mr. J. J. Barrett of London, Mr. J. B. McKay of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. Jas. McCauley and the Misses McCauley of Philadelphia, Col. T. Wright and son of St. Louis, Mr. and Mrs. S. B. Orr, Miss Keightley, Mr. J. Hancock, Mr. S. Hall of Toronto.

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The following report of the wedding of Mr. S. W. Burns, of the law firm of Taylor, McCullough & Burns, to Miss Adelaide E. Barry, step-daughter of Mr. W. H. Thorne, was unavoidably crowded out of this column last week. The marriage took place at St. Stephen's church, which was decked with a profusion of flowers for the occasion. The ceremony was performed by the rector, Rev. A. J. Broughall. The bride looked charming as she entered the church on the arm of her step-father. She wore a court train and a bodice of cream brocade satin with an underdress of cream silk faille covered with tulle and crystal jet and vest of crystal jet, elbow sleeves of brocade satin with high puffs of faille and the usual veil and orange blossoms. Her ornaments were solitaire diamond ear-rings, the gift of the groom. The bridesmaids were prettily attired; Miss Wilmot of Newcastle in pale blue silk, trimmed with ivory merveilleux and a large tulle hat; Miss Weatherstone of Toronto in a dress of white dotted net, a long lace boas and a large white lace hat; and little Miss Eileen Thorne in white embroidered muslin, with China silk sash and a large hat. They carried bouquets of white and pink asters and ferns, and wore as ornaments gold lace-pins set with rubies and diamonds, the gift of the groom. After the ceremony the guests adjourned to the residence of the bride's parents, where the wedding dinner was served. The newly wedded pair received many beautiful gifts.

Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Holmes chaperoned a party of young ladies and gentlemen up the Mackinac trip on the Baltic last week. The jolly party returned home on Monday morning after one of the most delightful excursions it has ever been their good fortune to take. The weather was everything that could be desired, and the officers of the steamer did all in their power to make the trip enjoyable. Souvenirs from different places were carefully treasured. They returned to Collingwood Saturday night and spent Sunday in that pretty town, visiting the different points of interest. The Georgian Bay Park is a lovely spot and has been brought to its present state of perfection by Mr. Calery, a most genial and enterprising gentleman, who intends building a large summer hotel in the midst of its broad acres and which is sure to be a success. Mrs. Holmes makes a capital chaperon, and amongst those who accompanied them were Mr. and Miss Lilly Grant, the Misses Gillard of Hamilton, Miss Cameron of Collingwood, Miss Grace Roberts, Miss Marguerite Holmes, and Mr. C. H. Baird of Toronto.

Mrs. and Miss Blair and Mr. A. Blair of the R. M. C. Sandhurst, Eng., and their cousin, Major Mayne of the Royal Engineers, professor of military engineering, R. M. C., Kingston, arrived from Point Platon, Que., on Tuesday, and are staying with Captain and Mrs. Grey Harton, at 506 Doyenourt Road.

Miss Lizzie Northery of Port Huron, Mich., is visiting her cousins, the Misses Quinn of Sussex avenue.

Hon. J. M. Gibson and Mrs. Gibson were guests at the Prospect House, Port Sandfield, Muskoka, on Tuesday last.

The following guests are at Cleveland's, Muskoka: Mr. O'Hara, Miss O'Hara, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Green and Master R. Green, Miss Gray, Mr. Burt Gray, Miss Ethel Gray, Miss Emily Brown, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Lovell and family, Mrs. Lake, Mrs. Shore, the Misses Shore and Misses Allen and Wilfred Shore, Mrs. Bridges of Barrie, Mrs. Lea, the Misses Lea and Mrs. Harry and Percy Lea, Mrs. Tox, the Misses Archer, Miss Fanny Leveratt, Dr. and Mrs. Carveith, Miss Grassick, Miss Baker of Barrie, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Cook, family and nurse, Miss Cook, Mrs. A. R. Bos-

well, Miss Crews of Cobourg and maid, Mr. Alex. Galt, Mr. Gerald Galt, Mrs. McPherson Skae, Miss Mabel Skae, Miss Churchill of England, Mr. R. A. Mainwaring, Miss Mellish, Miss Mary Mellish of Caledonia, Mr. Carlton Davies, Miss Eddie Minnett, Mr. D. McIntosh, Mrs. McIntosh, Mr. Livingstone, Mr. E. Livingstone of Hamilton. Last Wednesday evening a concert took place which was rendered very enjoyable by the united efforts of the guests and those of the neighboring islands. The proceeds went towards the fund of the church to be erected at Cleveland's.

Mrs. A. W. Murdoch, sr., Miss Best, Mrs. M. Murdoch

## The French Revolution.

It is natural at this centennial epoch for the mind to revert to the tremendous movement which one hundred years ago was convulsing France; therefore, it may not be amiss to glance back through "the dim chambers of the past" at the terrible French Revolution, with its tears and shoutings, its stamping and applause, its ringing of tocsins and beating of drums. On July 14, 1789, the Bastille, that cradle of so many horrors, where for centuries wretched prisoners had wasted away their lives (conspicuous among them being the "Man of the Iron Mask"), was taken. Its gloomy walls forty feet high and thirty feet thick were attacked by a furious populace till the fortress at last surrendered, and the unfortunate De Launay was butchered by the enraged mob. His head was cut off by a man who was a cook from a neighboring restaurant, and who "in that capacity knew how to cut meat," was fixed on a pitchfork and paraded through the streets of Paris—those terrible streets, destined to be the theaters on which dire and bloody tragedies were to be played, and which so often rang with the fierce cry, "a la lanterne." Poor, weak vacillating Louis XVI, and ill-fated Marie Antoinette! No matter what may have been their faults they paid a fearful penalty; and at this distant day we can condone their frailties and pity their misfortunes. The revolution was not caused by them. It was the natural outcome of years of oppression and taxation, of institutions founded on ancient requirements which had not progressed with the times, nor accommodated themselves to present necessities. Nowhere in Europe, not excepting Poland, was taxation so overwhelming as in France. Added to this, the long dearth which lasted for nearly ten years, and the poor crops of 1788 aggravated the passions of the people to a great extent, particularly when they knew that many bishops and abbes had revenues of one hundred thousand livres a year, while the cures, mostly of the bourgeois class, did all the hard work for seven or eight hundred a year. The way had been prepared for the revolution in a great measure also by the writings of Voltaire, Diderot, and lastly Rousseau, whose terrible Social Contract opens with these words: "Man is born free, and everywhere he is in chains." Voltaire's writings were principally directed against religion. He writes with his passionate scorn and hatred of Catholicism: "The most absurd of empires, the most humiliating for human nature is that of priests; and of all sacred empires the most criminal is that of priests of the Christian religion." Small wonder that the disciples of such teachings should be Marats and Robespierres, or that the peasant should believe according to Rousseau, that the working classes were the superiors of the philosopher or man of letters. All these agents at work culminated in the overthrow of law, order and religion, and the revolution burst in all its fury over the head of France. But was ever liberty gained before at such a price? Did ever streets run with more blood than that shed during the September massacre, when in the space of six days and five nights, 1,368 victims, many of them women and priests, were butchered in the prisons of Paris, among them being the beautiful Princess de Lamballe, the Queen's friend, whose heart was torn out and eaten by a wretch of the Faubourg St. Antoine, and of whom the sanguinary revolutionist Collet d'Herbois said "that he regretted he had not been consulted or he would have had the head of Madame de Lamballe served in a covered dish for the Queen's supper? That is only one of the countless revolting crimes committed in the divine name of Liberty.

One would imagine that everything that is possible to say has been said and written of the French Revolution; yet the theme is a fruitful one and in nearly every history of it there is something new: some different aspect is presented to the view, although the very mildest of these is appalling. Who has not read of the confusion of the Assembly, the revolts and hisings of the galleries, and the wild, frantic denunciations of the blood-thirsty Marat! Is not our sympathy and gratitude enlisted by the heroic and reckless conduct of the young and beautiful Charlotte Corday, who so courageously rid the world of that loathsome monster? "I killed one man," she said, when questioned by the revolutionary tribunal, "in order that I might save 100,000 others." In the September massacres we have the volatile French character well portrayed when, some of the prisoners being pardoned were embraced and received with cries of "vive la nation" by the red-handed executioners who a moment before would with the same cries have torn their hearts out and hacked them to death, and in one case, three or four of these execrable ruffians actually accompanied a released prisoner to his home and shed tears of joy at seeing the delight of the ladies of the family at beholding the husband and father whom they never more expected to embrace. One must only conclude that in the minds of the lower class assassination is a form of patriotism and we must remember that the will of the peasant is very tenacious: when an idea takes root in his mind no argument, however powerful or reasonable, no judicial appeal will have any effect. The oppressive taxation was the beginning of it, particularly the Gabelle or salt-tax, for it was binding on any person above seven years of age to purchase seven pounds of salt yearly. The tax on land, industry, houses, etc., prevented any possibility of prosperity, for it was re-assessed every year according to the wealth of the taxpayers, so that on the slightest increase in riches the amount of the tax was raised until farmers were reduced to beggary, and parish after parish impoverished, and as the people had gradually imbibed the teachings of Rousseau and others of his school, they had refused to pay the old taxes long before they were abolished by the Assembly, and it was with great difficulty that some portion of the new were collected. If you once prove to a peasant that he has been paying too much rent or taxes all his life, he will resolve not to pay anything to anybody for the future, and in the case of the French Revolution the farmer refused to part with his corn at the maximum price, and at the risk of being suspected of ill-will towards the Republic, he would conceal it

or send it out of the country. The fall of the monarchy occurred on the 10th of August, 1792, that night of bloodshed and anarchy when the ill-fated king and queen with their children and the king's sister, the saintly Madame Elizabeth, were besieged in the Tuilleries and forced to take refuge with the Assembly, thence to be conveyed prisoners to the Temple, where they remained until the end. The Queen was intensely unpopular, and Louis, weak and incapable, lent too ready an ear to her ill-advised schemes. The throne was no place for him. He was not the man to grasp the helm of government at a great national crisis. Always irresolute, he could never act without advice, and, unfortunately for himself, he could not discern his ill-advisers from his good counsellors; and in banishing Turgot, one of the greatest statesmen France ever possessed, at the Queen's instigation, Louis left himself without an adviser. After being imprisoned in the Temple for five months, the King was tried and condemned to death, which he met with admirable firmness on January 21, 1793, his last words being those of forgiveness to the people of France. The revolution hurried on apace. The Jacobins, among whom the most zealous were Robespierre, Couthon, St. Just, and other prominent men, rapidly acquired immense power in the convention. Revolutionary tribunals were formed, empowered to imprison nobles or anyone suspected of ill-will to the Republic. Terror spread on every side, and the prisons of Paris were filled to overflowing, and the guillotine was permanently erected on the Place de la Revolution. And now poor Marie Antoinette's turn came. Brought before the court and accused of the most unnatural crimes, this haughty daughter of Austria answered with a dignity and composure that won applause, even from the judges, and on October 16, 1793, ten months after the death of the King, Marie Antoinette took her place in the tumbrel which was to convey her to the guillotine. All her beauty was gone. Her hair was quite gray, and her eyelids red with continual weeping. As she went to her death, she was assailed with hootings and cries, one wretch going so far as to spit in her face, to all of which she showed perfect indifference. A slight thrill of emotion shook her as she passed the Tuilleries, that palace where she had once reigned in all her beauty and power. She ascended the scaffold with dignity and met death with resignation. Poor Queen! how she had laughed long before when a fortune-teller had foretold her doom, and when such horrible and gloomy things as axe and scaffold seemed impossible nightmares, too improbable and hideous to be even thought of in connection with her fair young life. By her death she has won the respect of all future ages.

She Knew the Symptoms.



about to leave us, I will cut my remarks short. I invite each and all of you to take up your glasses, rise to your feet, and—see if one of you has not been sitting on my new hat."

Mr. Bighead, B.A.—Madge, dear, how my heart swells when I approach you.

Lady Medical Student—No, no, Mr. Bighead, I have diagnosed your case. It's mere expansion of the gall!

Good Out of Evil.

Mr. Popinjay (at the theater)—I declare, if we aren't seated directly behind one of those confounded great opera hats.

Mr. Popinjay—Yes; how nice! I can study it all the evening.

"There, Gol Darn You?"

Deacon Blank, of the town of Lee, owned a large farm and hired, among other hands, a man by the name of Jacob. The deacon had begrimed that Jacob should have bread and milk for breakfast, and a good pot of cream for the cream pot and the skim milk for Jake. Jacob ate his bread and blue milk three evenings without a murmur. The next morning the deacon was awakened by a great commotion in the barn-yard. Looking out he saw Jacob hanging to his best Jersey's tail with one hand, while with the other he belabored her with a bean pole as she flew around the inclosure. "There, gol darn you," said Jake, "don't you ever dare to give another drop of skim milk as long as you live." And the deacon took good care that she didn't. —*Belfast Age.*

Slightly Mixed.

Jones took a cab to call on a friend who was not at home.

"The idea of spending a dollar on this idiot! If I had known he was out, I'd have walked."

## BARGAINS FOR EVERYBODY

The bankrupt stock of F. Qua & Co., 49 King Street West, consisting of Toys, Games, Books, Fancy Goods, etc., has been removed to

Rosenbaum's Bazaar, 159 King St. East and will be disposed of at great reductions. Camp Beds, Tennis, Rackets, Balls, Nets and Shoes, Boxing Gloves, Fishing Tackle, etc., in great variety.

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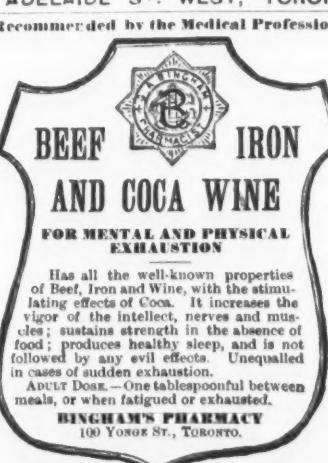
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ADULT DOSE.—One tablespoonful between meals, or when fatigued or exhausted.

BINGHAM'S PHARMACY 100 Yonge St., Toronto.

For Sale by all Leading Druggist.

The first High

Light Portable Domestic Sewing Machine.

FIRST HALF OF A TWO PART STORY.

## MARY'S DREAM

BY ELIZABETH CLASTON.

## CHAPTER I.

I was about two-and-twenty when my grandfather, Mr. Garnshawe of Beechwood, wrote to ask me to spend a few holidays. I was about to take at his house. My mother was his eldest daughter, and my father, Mark Paillot, needs no introduction, having made himself a name in the engineering profession. I had been brought up in his footsteps, and at the age of sixteen been sent abroad with a clever, go-ahead man, in whose employment I had remained ever since. At the time of which I speak I had just returned from three months surveying in Russia. For my age I had seen good deal of the world, and sometimes in a very rough form. I was blessed with good health, and plenty of energy. To complete this description of myself, I will just mention that I was six feet high, broad in proportion, blue eyed, light-haired, and in short, not a bad looking young fellow. My father, who was a somewhat austere man, said I did not take sufficiently serious views of life. My mother said that I had a very affectionate disposition. So I had. I always fell in love on the least provocation.

My mother's family had lived at Beechwood for many generations, and my grandfather was known and respected for his worth at a time old, courtly gentleman. We were very proud of him and of my grandmother also. What a dear old lady she was, and how clever! Yet so quiet and unassuming that those who did not know her would never have suspected the amount of knowledge she possessed. She read almost every book that came out, and understood it too. But she was no blue-stocking. She could manage her house well, and give sound advice, when needed, to her poorer relatives. Then she knew all about cooking and making condiments for sick people. I used to go with them often in my holidays, when I was a boy, and in the winter time it was quite a treat to catch cold there. My bed warmed every night, posset, wine-whey and unlimited black currant jam, I used to have fearful relapses.

In his letter my grandfather mentioned that my cousin, Mary Garnshawe, looked forward to seeing me. Mary was my uncle John's eldest daughter, and being a great favorite with the old couple, had, like myself, spent a good deal of time at Beechwood when a child. She was now living with them, altogether, for her father's family was large, and it was necessary for my grandmother to have a cheerful companion to take some of the household cares off her shoulders. I remembered Mary, a round-faced little girl, up to any fun and mischief. My recollections also extended to a very stained and fruity pinafore, frock often out at the gathers, scratched arms, and marginal references round her mouth, connected with strawberries and other fruits. It was now eight years since I had seen her, with the exception of once, when she was walking with a governess and looked shy and prim. I was pleased with the prospect of meeting her again, for I had been, on the whole, very good friends.

At the time of which I write, there was no railway in that part of the country, so I went down by coach. It was pleasant summer weather, and at last I was set down at the white gate of the carriage drive, and in a minute more was met and warmly welcomed by my grandfather and grandmother. After many enquiries as to the well-being of my belongings, my grandmother said, "Why, Mark, have you forgotten Mary?" and a young lady who had been standing in the background, came forward blushing and smiling, as she held out her hand.

"Is that Mary?" I exclaimed. "I should never have thought it!" and I blushed more than she had done when they all laughed. For I had pictured to myself a short, sturdy, rosy young person, not exactly in a pinafore, but a sort of good-natured, grown up girl. Here I was quite taken aback by a vision of grace and blue muslin, which at last arranged itself into the following details:

A tall, well-shaped girl, rather plump than otherwise, but easy and graceful. Face pale, but with a rosy tint, and round cheeks, which deepened easily into a lovely rose tint. The merry grey eye and smiling mouth were all that remained to my mind of the old Mary. Then, there was something so aerial, and spotless and faultless about the blue muslin. Well, time works wonders!

I had arrived just in time for dinner, and when that hospitable meal was over, Mary proposed to show me the alterations in the garden while the old people took their after-dinner rest.

"Well, Mary," I said, as I sauntered along, "I should have known you; you are wonderfully altered and improved."

"Thank you, Mark," she answered, laughing.

"Of course you mean to compliment me, but you evidently thought there was room for improvement."

"You were always a jolly little girl," I went on, "but you are as different as possible to what I expected. Am I as much changed, do you think?"

"Yes, you've altered in some ways—a good deal bigger, for instance; but I shall understand my judgment as to the improvement."

"That speech is like your old self. But what's new there is here. The new tree we have cut down is not that a pity? And the old walk round the garden wall where we used to play horses? It's all taken away now, and the cabbages planted!"

"Oh, it's much better to make the ground useful. It was always a sloppy old walk, and we don't want to play horses now. How hard you used to drive me in those days, Mark!"

"I have never driven anything since half so unmanageable, Mary. Your idea of a horse was perpetual kicking and plunging."

As we chatted on very pleasantly, revisited old spots, talked of old times and old friends, and became again quite cousinly and confidential,

after tea we had a game at whist. Mary and her grandfather were partners, grandmother and I. Now it is an odd thing that, though the old gentleman was at times very hasty in his temper, and the old lady most gentle, this game seemed to change their characters entirely. He played as if he thought it all a joke, and laughed whether he lost or won; whereas my grandmother bent her whole mind to it, sat bolt upright, held her cards in hand, and was unmistakably annoyed when she was the loser.

For some time the cards were against us, and my grandmother began to regard me with some disapproval, mingled with pity. While she was sorting her cards with a very grave countenance, my grandfather gave me the wink, and glanced at Mary, who, with a comical look, passed the king and queen of trumps to me under the table. I was sharp enough to know what they meant, and gave her my too poorest card in exchange. That hand went off beautifully, and my grandmother's face brightened up. We were right when we rose from the table, for we had given the king and queen beating, thanks to a little more manipulation. She then explained to me where I had erred in my play, and my grandfather remarked gravely, but with a twinkle in his eye, that no one could play better than his old woman when she bent her mind to it.

The next morning at breakfast my grandmother received a letter, which, after carefully reading twice, and wiping her spectacles after each perusal, she handed to her husband. He glanced over the page and then and again, and then said, "Come, let's talk it over, but meeting my wife's admonishing glance, added quietly,

"Well, poor things, they're welcome; but I hope they won't stay long."

"Whatever is it about, grandmamma?" asked Mary.

"Oh, it's only from poor Mrs. Lyton, my dear. She and Jane are going to spend a month in Birmingham, and they offer to stay a few days with us, just to break the journey."

"Oh, it's too bad! Just when we were all so cosy. I knew they'd be down upon us again!"

"But, Mary, love, we must be hospitable and think what a deal of trouble she's had."

"At all events, this time it's only for a few days," said my grandfather, resignedly. "As they are going on to Birmingham they won't stop long, you see. When are they coming, my dear?"

"He has always been that," said my grandmother.

"Ay, that he has. We've had no occasion to be ashamed of him, thank God! Well, keep up your spirits, Mark. In two years we'll have you back with us, and who knows what may turn up in that time?"

A grave expression passed over his hand-some, genial face, and he continued:

"I ought at my age to know better than look forward so far, but I should like to see them again."

I grasped the kind, old hand stretched out to me, and a sudden impulse made me rise from my chair and, big young fellow of two-and-twenty as I was, stoop over my grandfather, kiss his forehead, and then hastily quit the room. A strange presentment had come over me that in two years Beechwood would not be what I had seen.

My heart really ached as I put the things in my valise; soon I heard my grandfather's voice calling to me that the coach was in sight. Down the road to the station, a few steps of my grandmother's and a very formal one of her own. My grandfather and Mary walked down to the gate. While yet hidden from the road by a clump of laurels, he said in his hearty way:

"Now, my lad, good-bye and God bless you, kiss Mary and be off."

What a thoughtful old gentleman he was! I did kiss Mary—and she whispered, "I promise."

As I looked down at her from my seat by the driver, I thought she seemed very grave and pale. My grandfather waved his hat and said, "Good-bye, old friend." We were off, and as we went, the weather was just as bright as it had been a week ago—the country just as lovely—but I thought of neither, I felt very low indeed.

Again her hand was in mine. She laughed, but her lip quivered. How pretty she looked in that pink cotton dress!

"Promise, dearest," I repeated, but just at that moment Mrs. Lyton came round the corner. With a smile to which vinegar was butter and honey, she wished us good morning, and telling us breakfast was waiting, carried us forward to the house.

I suppose my grandmother saw something tell-tale in our faces, for she looked sympathizing, petted Mary, and was even more careful than usual that I had enough, or rather too much, to eat, and of the best on the table, for she still looked upon me as a growing boy.

"You must let us hear what you think of Canada, Mark," she said.

"I will be sure to write as often as I can, and I have been asking Mary to let me hear sometimes how you are going on."

"Of course she will, my boy," interposed my grandfather cheerily. "You are a good steady lad."

"He has always been that," said my grandmother.

"Ay, that he has. We've had no occasion to be ashamed of him, thank God! Well, keep up your spirits, Mark. In two years we'll have you back with us, and who knows what may turn up in that time?"

A grave expression passed over his hand-some, genial face, and he continued:

"I ought at my age to know better than look forward so far, but I should like to see them again."

I grasped the kind, old hand stretched out to me, and a sudden impulse made me rise from my chair and, big young fellow of two-and-twenty as I was, stoop over my grandfather, kiss his forehead, and then hastily quit the room. A strange presentment had come over me that in two years Beechwood would not be what I had seen.

My heart really ached as I put the things in my valise; soon I heard my grandfather's voice calling to me that the coach was in sight. Down the road to the station, a few steps of my grandmother's and a very formal one of her own. My grandfather and Mary walked down to the gate. While yet hidden from the road by a clump of laurels, he said in his hearty way:

"Now, my lad, good-bye and God bless you, kiss Mary and be off."

What a thoughtful old gentleman he was! I did kiss Mary—and she whispered, "I promise."

As I looked down at her from my seat by the driver, I thought she seemed very grave and pale. My grandfather waved his hat and said, "Good-bye, old friend." We were off, and as we went, the weather was just as bright as it had been a week ago—the country just as lovely—but I thought of neither, I felt very low indeed.

(To Be Continued.)

## How It Happened.

Nora—So you are engaged to Patrick, sir? You said you were going to say "no" when he asked you.

Bridget—It was the same I intended to reply, but when the poor boy begged me hand me heart went pity Pat and before I had time to refuse I said "yes."

## A Gloomy Outlook.

Old Friend—Got a star for next season?

Theatrical Manager (gloomily)—No; all the babies are engaged, and the woman who killed that Chicago broker won't go on the stage.

## A Crisis in Spain.

Queen of Spain—Moi Gracia! The baby king has the stomach-ache.

Lord Chamberlain (excitedly)—Woo-o! Call the Secretary of the Interior!

## A Noble Fellow.

Jinkers—I hear your engagement with Miss Petitie is off.

Goodfellow—Yes; her folks are going to a sea-side resort and I did not want her engagement to me to hang like a pall over her all summer.

## Progress.

George—How is your suit with Miss De Pink progressing?

Jack—Finely. When I call now her dog wags its tail.

## Miserable "Funny Men."

"Things," says Dick Deadeye, "are seldom what they seem." However this may be as a general truth, it is certainly applicable as regards humorists.

Artemus Ward disappointed many people when in England, because while they expected to see a man with mirth oozing out of every pore, they found that he almost always seemed to be in the verge of tears.

Josh Billings was equally unfortunate. He, a general consent, had the air of a man who has just seated himself on a tack. Leech, the *Punch* artist and illustrator of the *Comic History of England*, was a gentle, pleasant fellow, beloved by all who knew him, but, according to Mr. James Payn, he disappointed expectation in the way of comedy. He was very silent, and his air was generally one of settled gloom.

Turning to some living humorists, we find the result just the same. Petroleum V. Nasby, the "fightingrade" of *Mark Twain*, is said to be a man with mirth oozing out of every pore, but he has pulled out of bed to see unromantic company. Mr. R. L. Stevenson, though not a humorist, is at least the most optimistic of the writers of to-day. Yet there looks very little fun in his long, thin face, and, indeed, it is pretty well known that several of his works were composed from a bed of sickness.

Literary history shows that men of the most sparkling wit and most brilliant fancies were constitutionally predisposed to great depression, and that a great proportion of those men lived lives of work and pain. Johnson says:

"All that can be told with certainty of Butler, the author of *Hudibras*, is that he was poor, Bacon, with all his wit, died a poor man; he hardly left money enough to bury him; Sterne's death-bed and funeral were friendless; and poor Sheridan's end was miserable in the extreme."

These famous examples lend a great significance to the saying of the beggar in Mackenzie's *Man of Feeling*: "Your wage, I think, is a wash for weak eyes," and "A posset to cure a cold."

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## A Secret of the Scaffold.

One autumn evening of the year 1864, Edmund La Pommereis sat in the condemned cell of La Rotquette, in Paris.

His arms bound by the usual strait waistcoat, he sat, with features pale and rigid, staring at the solitary candle upon the table, while against the wall stood a warden, silently scrutinizing every movement.

La Pommereis was a surgeon, about thirty-four years of age, his hair dark, yet already gray about the temples, and he awaited his death summons for the murder of a rich female patient, by digitaline, with the intent to possess himself of her wealth. Despite the powerful aid of the eminent counsel Lachard, the court had refused to admit "extenuating circumstances." His friends had appealed for mercy, and the venerable Abbé Crozes had personally interceded with the emperor, but it was deemed in every quarter absolutely necessary to make a signal example of La Pommereis.

The rattling of muskets upon the slabs without indicated the approach of some one of importance, and the grinding of the key in the lock roused the prisoner from his reflections. The door opened, and the governor of the jail entered, accompanied by another person, whom La Pommereis recognized as the eminent scientist, Armand Velpeau.

At a sign from the governor the warden withdrew, and Dr. Velpeau was locked in with the culprit.

La Pommereis resigned the only chair to Dr. Velpeau, and seated himself upon the narrow bed, from which so many had been before so strangely aroused from their last slumber. The light being feeble, the visitor moved his seat closer to the prisoner that he might more closely scan his features. He was sixty at that date, a member of the Institute, the author of many brilliant works on pathology, and, as a scientist, at the height of his fame.

"Sir," said Velpeau after a pause, "I will not be so insincere as to offer condolences upon your position; for although my doom may be more remote than yours, the disease from which I suffer condemns me as surely to death, within the next two years. Therefore, as men whose hours are numbered, let us proceed to business as quickly as we can."

"Has my appeal been rejected then?" gasped La Pommereis.

"I fear so," replied the doctor, "but you have a few days before you."

The prisoner shuddered, and the cold sweat started on his brow; yet with an effort he added:

"Well, so be it. I am ready. The sooner, perhaps the better."

Velpeau, drawing a lancet from his pocket, slit the jacket at the wrist, that he might place his finger on the condemned man's pulse, and after a minute's consideration, he continued:

"You are possessed of coolness and determination, very rare under such circumstances, and these render the proposition I came to make an easier task."

"I am all attention," replied La Pommereis.

"As a medical student yourself, you must be aware," said the scientist, "that one of the most curious physiological questions is as to whether memory lingers in the human brain after the separation from the human body?"

The prisoner shivered slightly at this reference to his immediate fate, but promptly recovering, he replied:

"I was thinking upon that same point, sir, when you entered this cell, and if the question interests you, think how much more deeply interested must it be to me."

"You have doubtless read Ledillot and Biéchat?"

"Yes," answered the prisoner, "and have myself dissected criminal after execution."

"And have you formed any settled opinion on the subject?" interrupted Velpeau.

"Not yet."

"This very day," continued Doctor Velpeau, "I have carefully considered the instrument of death, and I admit its complete adaptability for its purpose. The heavy angular knife does its work in exactly one-third of a second; therefore the patient cannot appreciate the shock any more than the soldier can the loss of a limb from the passage of a cannon ball upon the field of battle. Any sensation under such circumstances must be obscure and dumb. It is true that the knife makes two wounds; but I imagine that the second is only a slight one, and provides a swifter, more perfect and immediate death than that of the most powerful anesthetics. As to the involuntary movements of the fleshly body, so suddenly arrested in its vital processes, they are but nervous indications, not necessarily combining pain. The actual suffering may be alone in the preparations for the last ordeal, otherwise the separation of brain and heart should paralyze all."

"I trust it may be so," replied La Pommereis, "yet what if there be some terribly new agony, impossible to analyze, in the sensations produced by the instantaneous separation of death?"

After some moments' reflection, the culprit continued:

"Are the organs of memory and will, in man, placed in the same lobes where we locate them in other animals, and, if so, are they equally confounded by the passing of the blade? There are tales of lips that have articulated after separation; and it is related of a sailor at Brest, who was accidentally decapitated on board ship, that he snapped in twain pencil placed between the teeth a full hour after the head had been severed from the body. Was that a muscular act only, or an effect of the sentient organs of the brain? Who can tell? Before many hours I shall have known—and for gotten."

"Forgotten, yes; but perhaps communicated the knowledge," eagerly continued Doctor Velpeau. "It remains with you to decide the point; and that brings me directly to the object of my visit."

"I do not understand you," cried the prisoner, amazed.

"Monsieur de la Pommereis," said Doctor Velpeau, "is the sacred cause of Science, of duty, and of manhood, your only and main object of supreme abomination, benefit her and mankind. You are a surgeon, and are better fitted than any other to collaborate in an experiment which may be of inestimable value. I believe it possible, by a concentration of will, that you may exchange with me a sign of intelligence after execution. If you assent, and we succeed, you will leave a memory in science which may efface the record of your social fault!"

"To what tests do you propose to subject me—arterial, injection, electricity, or—"

"To none of these," interrupted the physician, "your body shall be respected; but when the knife falls, I will be around, and rapidly as I can I shall grasp your head, and cry distinctly in your ear, 'If you remember our covenant, close your right eye-lid three times, the left remaining open.' If by this action of the palpebra nerve you prove that you understand me, you will revolutionize our conclusions, and be recorded as a benefactor, instead of a criminal."

At this astounding request, the eyes of La Pommereis dilated, and after a pause he replied:

"Come to me that morning, and I will give you my answer."

"I thank you," said Velpeau, and bowing to the prisoner, he disappeared at the door, as the warden reassumed his watchful attitude; then La Pommereis threw himself on the bed, to reflect as well as he might upon the ghastly experiment.

On the fourth morning thereafter, about half-past five o'clock, the governor of the prison, accompanied by an officer of the court and the Abbé Crozes, entered the condemned cell. Sudden and shaken from sleep, the prisoner knew that his hour had come, and rising, he dressed himself rapidly. For a few moments he spoke with the good abbé, who had for years enjoyed a brave reputation for strengthening and consoling those in the supreme agony. His eyes then fell on the anxious face of Dr. Velpeau, and he said:

"I have practiced my part of the task and succeeded. See!" and with his right eye he winked thrice.

The man of science acknowledged his courage with an approving smile, and then made way for the executioner and his assistants.

The last toilet was quickly effected, the good old priest reading the while a farewell note from the prisoner's wife. La Pommereis' eyes filled with tears, but they were religiously wiped away by the old man's plios fingers.

Refusing the proffered glass of brandy, the prisoner rose, and the procession moved toward the entrance of the prison.

The vast iron doors swung back before it, and the soft morning air swept into the gloomy building. The "Place de la Rotquette" was guarded by a company of cavalry, and within them, surrounded by a half-circle of gens d'armes, whose swords were instantly drawn and held *en garde* as the procession appeared, arose the grim engine of the law.

Beyond the mangled troops arose the surging cries of the debauched crowd, that had kept vigil all night for the ghastly spectacle of the morning. Ruffians clung to the chimneys, while at the windows of the taverns women dressed in the tawdry dancing silks of the previous evening quaffed bad champagne still with their black-coated companions. Sparrows hopped nervously from twig to twig, as if greatly disconcerted by this unwonted assemblage in the early hours.

Grim and stark rose the guillotine, the knife gleamed coldly, and away in the sky beyond a single star twinkled faintly, like the last speck of hope, and faded out.

To the prisoner, around and above, there was nothing but glittering steel, he nervously himself strongly for the end.

As he was fastened to the plank, he kissed the crucifix, and a knot of his own hair which the priest had gathered at the toilet.

"Come!" the old man whispered, as he himself laid the last kiss of peace upon the sufferer's cheek.

As the plank was dexterously put in position, La Pommereis saw Doctor Velpeau at the promised post.

The whole platform shook with the thud of the knife, but the sound had no ceased to vibrate ere the severed head was in Velpeau's hands.

The face was somber and livid, the eyes open and di-throated, the brows twisted into a horrible grimace, the teeth locked, and the lower jaw yet quivered.

Loud and distinctly the scientist uttered the question agreed upon into the ear; but although fortified to his task, a tremor crept through Velpeau's flesh, as the right eyelid closed slowly, while the left gazed distinctly into the experimentalist's face.

"In Heaven's name," cried the electrified doctor. "Again! the sign again!"

Twice the eyelid had moved. Now the lashes slightly wavered, as if with an astounding effort; but the lid did not move, and in another moment the face was rigid.

The executioner took the head and placed it, according to custom, between the legs of the trunk.

In a few moments more, as the surging crowd dispersed, Doctor Velpeau fell back overcome in his carriage, and La Pommereis was already on his last journey to the cemetery of Mont Passe.

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For a few moments he lay silent, his eyes closed, his breathing slow and regular, as if in a deep sleep.

"Shure she's as dead now as she iver will be," said the executioner.

"Not a line—not a word. I am totally ignorant."

"It looks like a conspiracy, my child, but wait. Get me a telegraph blank and I'll raise your father out of his boots and see whether he has any influence over the mendacious press of Philadelphia."

"It's true! I'll be sure to be," replied the mother.

"Don't father write out the notice himself and send it to the office?"

"But it's not here—not a word of it!" shrieked the young lady as she hastily scanned the Atlantic City personals.

"What! Doesn't it say that the handsome and accomplished daughter of Judge Waxen of No. 950 Shackackson avenue left for the seashore last evening, to be gone a month, and that she will be the bright star around which the Atlantic City society will revolve for the next few weeks?"

"Not a line—not a word. I am totally ignorant."

"It looks like a conspiracy, my child, but wait. Get me a telegraph blank and I'll raise your father out of his boots and see whether he has any influence over the mendacious press of Philadelphia."

"It's true! I'll be sure to be," replied the mother.

"That's so, yet honest."

"But your first wife has only been dead a week."

"Shure she's as dead now as she iver will be, yer honer."

"—Pick-Me-Up."

"A Girl Blacksmith."

Perhaps the last business in which you would expect to find a woman is blacksmithing, and yet Alide Wilder, a tall and not unattractive young woman, makes very creditable horseshoes in a little shop in the suburbs of Brooklyn. Miss Wilder is 20, old, probably, and has dark, Oriental-looking eyes and short, curly, dark hair. Her form is slender but well knit, and she has been accustomed to help her father in the smithy ever since she was a child. One secret of the attraction

of the girl is the wine cup, and living daughters whose own mothers had rather look

upon her than face her.

These secretings and disappointments are they not legion? And yet, like children whose toys, one after another, are broken or taken from them, we still reach out our hands for the gilded bubble of hope all the same as if it had never burst between our fingers. When our dearly loved children are

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## THE TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

EDMUND E. SHEPPARD - - Editor.

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There is some talk of a syndicate here taking up the concerts to be given by Pablo Sarasate and Eugene D'Albert in Toronto in the winter. Of the former a witty Frenchman has said: "If Joachim plays like a god, Sarasate plays like a devil." But this as it may, few violinists have secured such a hold upon the admiration of the English public as Sarasate has. D'Albert is the European favorite to-day as a pianist, and if these two artists can be brought to Toronto during the coming season they will add much to its brilliancy. Patti and Tamagno would be another strong combination here, but it is hardly likely that Mr. Abbey will bring them to Toronto. In the meantime we hear nothing further of the Albani Opera Company that was promised here this year.

It is proper to measure Sampson's ability as an actor by his capacity to bring down the house?

Sarah Bernhardt, supported by M. Damala, will begin her season in New York at the end of November under Henry E. Abbey.

Mrs. Kendall, the famous English actress, is the youngest of twenty-two children, and comes of a family that has furnished seven generations to the stage.

Flondin, the rope walker, has wagered \$20,000 that he will walk on a cable stretched from the top of the Eiffel tower to the dome of the main exhibition building, Paris, in less than five minutes.

It is estimated that 1,500 native actors are now idle in New York without any prospect of being employed, while several hundred English actors will land in the city within the next two months.

A certain Court Theater in Germany possesses a youthful and charming *premiere danseuse* in the person of Fraulein Giovanni. An incident which occurred during one of her recent appearances has created quite a flutter among the local gossips. A young military man in the stalls seemed to think that the generous applause which greeted the fair performer on the part of the spectators was hardly equal to the occasion, for, by degrees, he became so loud and demonstrative that the police officers in attendance were compelled to give him a gentle intimation to follow them into the inspector's room. Here matters took quite an unexpected turn. When the name and address of the culprit had been ascertained, he was warmly shaken by the hand and smilingly dismissed scot-free, because it turned out that the lady whom he had so vigorously applauded was his mother.

VAN.

Among the local organization the vocal society is again full of energy and will prepare for its first concert in December, with a very attractive programme selected from the following compositions: *Lady Mine*, *Barnby*; *A Slumber Song*, *Loher*; *Lullaby of Life*, *Leslie*; *Hear My Prayer*, *Mendelssohn*; *Sir Patrick Spens*, *Pearall*; *El Dorad*, *Pinserti*; *We Roam and Rule the Sea*, *Leslie*; *Ave Verum*, *Gounod*; *Ye Banks and Braes*, *Max Vogrich*, *Scots Wha Hae*, *Leslie*; and *The Dying Trumpeter*, for male voices. These selections ought to bring the society out with all its best powers, and exceptionally fine solo talent is being arranged for. Its December concert should be one of the most brilliant in record.

Mr. Frank Lawson, formerly of Hamilton and now of Chicago, sang at Bond street church a couple of Sundays ago. He has a fine, resonant baritone voice, and sings with great taste and expression.

I have received a letter from Mr. Arthur E. Fisher, Mus. Bac., Trinity College, Toronto, in which he informs me that he sat for examination at Trinity College of Music, London, Eng., with the result that he is now an associate of that institution being first among one hundred and twenty candidates. He is also prizeman in harmony of the same institution, this prize not being given at the Christmas examinations, owing to the low standard of the candidates.

The choir of the Church of the Redeemer will continue its Services of Song during the coming season, and is arranging for the singing of a fine list of anthems and services, with the assistance of prominent vocalists and organists. Mr. Giuseppe Dinelli assumed his labors as organist of the church on Sunday last. Mr. Edgar R. Doward will give a similar series of musical services at the Church of the Ascension during the season. These services should be more general in the other churches, as they forward not only the efficiency of the choirs, but stimulate congregational singing as well. METRONOME.

## Mild Liquor.

A traveler, riding horseback along a lonely road in Texas, was startled by what seemed to be a violent commotion. He rode into the woods and there came upon a man who stood striking a large trunk with a hammer.

"What are you doing?" the traveler demanded.

"Trying to break into this trunk," the fellow answered.

"What do you want to break into it for?"

"Want to rob it."

"Why you trifling scoundrel, I'll arrest you right for it."

"What for?"

"What for?" the traveler exclaimed. "For stealing that trunk."

" Didn't steal it."

"Then how did you get it?"

"Took it out of the house."

"Whose house?"

"Mine."

"Whose trunk is it?"

"Mine."

"Yours."

"That's what I said."

"Then why are you trying to break it open? Have you lost the key?"

"Why don't you unlock it then?"

"Because I want to rob it."

"You're a fool."

"Reckon you've hit it."

"I don't understand why a man should rob his own trunk."

"I do. A feller come along here this morning and gave me a quart of Mexican licker. I took three mild snorts and then slipped into the house and got this trunk. There ain't nothing in it but a hair lariat and a pair of cottonade britches, but I'm going to steal them and keep 'em. He turned about and struck the trunk a terrific blow."

"Say, have you got any more of the licker? I need a drink."

"The bottle's by that tree."

The traveler dismounted and took several drinks. "Why, this is as pleasant and as mild as rain water," said he.

"Help yourself."

"Thank you."

He took several more drinks and then rode away. He had not gone far when he turned into the woods and tied his horse. Then he took a long stick, lay down behind a log and began to eat an horseshoe-bitten.

He soon got up steep hilly, crept up to the horse, searched the saddle bags, mounted the animal and dashed away, looking back occasionally to see if he were pursued by a vigilance committee. — *Arkansaw Traveler.*

## The Drama.

Manager O. B. Sheppard of the Grand Opera House has furnished me with the following list of attractions, which are some of those he will present to the Toronto public during the coming season: Fanny Davenport, Casino Opera Company in Nadjy, Julia Marlowe, The Kendals, Rose Coghlan, Helen Dauvray, Duff Opera Company, Vernon Jarreau, Rhea, Bostonians, Roland Reed, Rosina Vokes, Nat Goodwin, Janauschek, Emma Abbott, Mrs. Potter, Fantasma, E. A. Sothern, Little Lord Fauntleroy Company, Victoria Vokes, Joe Murphy, Jim the Penman Company, Said Pasha, Ada Rehan, The Wife Company, Carleton Opera Company, Evangeline, Haverley Minstrels, Paul Kauvar, W. J. Scanlan, Exiles, Twelve Temptations, G. F. Rowe.

It is proper to measure Sampson's ability as an actor by his capacity to bring down the house?

Sarah Bernhardt, supported by M. Damala, will begin her season in New York at the end of November under Henry E. Abbey.

Mrs. Kendall, the famous English actress, is the youngest of twenty-two children, and comes of a family that has furnished seven generations to the stage.

Flondin, the rope walker, has wagered \$20,000 that he will walk on a cable stretched from the top of the Eiffel tower to the dome of the main exhibition building, Paris, in less than five minutes.

It is estimated that 1,500 native actors are now idle in New York without any prospect of being employed, while several hundred English actors will land in the city within the next two months.

A certain Court Theater in Germany possesses a youthful and charming *premiere danseuse* in the person of Fraulein Giovanni. An incident which occurred during one of her recent appearances has created quite a flutter among the local gossips. A young military man in the stalls seemed to think that the generous applause which greeted the fair performer on the part of the spectators was hardly equal to the occasion, for, by degrees, he became so loud and demonstrative that the police officers in attendance were compelled to give him a gentle intimation to follow them into the inspector's room. Here matters took quite an unexpected turn. When the name and address of the culprit had been ascertained, he was warmly shaken by the hand and smilingly dismissed scot-free, because it turned out that the lady whom he had so vigorously applauded was his mother.

Another of our men, Mr. William Brymner, is sketching in Holland. We are, therefore, likely to have some interesting foreign pictures at our next winter's exhibitions.

Some of the members of the Ontario Society of Artists spent the civil holiday pleasantly at Strathearn, near Allandale, the country house of the president, Hon. G. W. Allan. They were met at the station by Hon. G. W. Allan and Mr. Harcourt Vernon and driven through a picturesque tract of country to their destination. At dinner they met the Lieut. Governor, Sir Alex. Campbell, and, no doubt, satisfactorily adjusted any slight differences that may have remained between them since the unfortunate opening of their exhibition in May. During the afternoon the artists made little sketches of different parts of the estate which they presented to Mrs. Allan as souvenirs of the visit. The following were present: W. Revell, vice-president; R. F. Gagen, secretary, and Messrs. Hamilton McCarthy, F. L. Forster, W. A. Sherwood, M. Hannaford, Jas. Payne, Arthur Cox and W. D. Blatchley.

VAN.

Julian Magnus tells an amusing tale of the E. A. Sothern's first knock-out by the public.

"He was playing Dundreary in a small town, whose regular playgoers plumed themselves on their imperturbable (therefore aristocratic) demeanor in the theater. A joke who lived in that town had just returned from New York and gravely put in circulation a hint that it was extremely unfashionable to laugh at comedians. The hint 'took.' Sothern played the first act in a frigid atmosphere. He could not understand it, but he called the company together before the second act and implored them to 'pitch in and wake 'em up.' They did him warmly shaken by the hand and smilingly dismissed scot-free, because it turned out that the lady whom he had so vigorously applauded was his mother.

Well, I could find you half a dozen men in any town 'told' like who would do the same thing themselves."

"Very likely," said his companion, "though I doubt whether they would carry their literal obedience quite so far as did the American printer who was told to 'follow his copy,' and when the copy blew out of the window jumped after it and broke his leg."

"Well, I can match even that," laughed the Major, much amused. "Did you ever hear how the telegraph line between St. Petersburg and Peterhof was left unofficered? Well, you know before the electric wires were laid we used to telegraph on the old fashion by signals, and in the Peterhof road there were signal stations planted just within sight of each other, and at each station a clerk with strict orders to repeat exactly any signal made by his right or left hand neighbor. One day the first clerk on the line, in a fit of despair at having lost all his money, hanged himself to the nearest telegraph pole. His next neighbor seeing this took it for a signal, and instantly strung himself up in like manner, and the end of it was that all the clerks on the line hanged themselves in rotation."

Well, remarked his companion, "that's no worse than the story of the order sent from Peking to the authorities of a great Chinese town commanding that a certain native merchant should be hung up in his counting house, and then after his execution somebody discovered that the words should have been translated 'suspended in his office.' — *Yankee Blade.*

—

A Unique Proposal.

There is in Washington a young typewriter, whose good looks and charming manners justify the sententious which her employer feels toward her. He is in the habit of dictating his correspondence while her expert fingers transfix the words as he utters them. The other morning he concluded to end the uncertainty which had come into existence by asking her to marry him. She was engaged on some copying when he approached her and poured out his sentiments, and notwithstanding the warmth of his pleadings kept right ahead with the clickety, click, click of the instrument. In fact she paid so little attention to him that he became discouraged and left the room, intending to speak to her later. He met her on his return, sat down to sign a lot of letters that lay on his desk. There was a large pile and he went through it mechanically, until he struck a sheet near the bottom. Jumping to his feet he simply exclaimed: "Well, I'll be blowed!" The cold, glaring type-written letter before him read:

"MISS SUSIE—May be you'll think I'm an ass, but I ain't. I mean business. I know I don't happen to be very pretty, but I'd be good to a family. I was thinking that maybe you'd learn to like me if you'd go to church with me—and give the minister a few minutes' employment. And this ain't to save any salary either. It's been a fact I want you for your—. Say, you ain't listening, are you? Well, I'll come in later when you ain't so busy." — *Washington Capital.*

—

Made Him Downhearted.

"It aways sort o' makes me feel sad and downhearted to read about the prodigal son in the Bible," said Farmer Silkins to his male offspring who was home on his summer vacation.

"Y-a-a-s?"

"Yaws," echoed the old man as his lips curled contemptuously, "he came back and says 'I'm honorable and flat-footed,' 'I've done wrong an' I want another chance."

"Y-a-a-s?"

"Yaws; he didn't come back to the farm pizen—like the very best—till with the smoke from his pipe he says: 'Pops, ole boy, I'm dead broke; couldn't you let me have a twenty to keep up my end with the fols at the club?' Not much he didn't."

And the old man heaved a sigh and went out to feed the hogs.—*Merchant Traveler.*

## Art and Artists.

A correspondent who takes an interest in Canadian art sends me from London, England, a few interesting items about Canadian artists working at present in that country. Mr. L. R. O'Brien's pictures were exhibited in McLean's Gallery, Haymarket, and were visited by many distinguished people, among whom were the Marquis of Lorne and Princess Louise, Prince Christian, Lord Knutsford, Colonial Secretary, and Lady Knutsford, Duke of Athole, Dowager Duchess of Buccleugh, Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, Sir Frederick and Lady Pollock, Sir Harford and Lady Brydges, Hon. Hugh Childers, Sir Chas. and Lady Tupper, Dowager and Lady Inchiquin, Sir Stafford and Lady Northcote, Lord and Lady Saltoun, Sir Donald Smith, Sir A. N. Birch, K.C.M.G., Sir C. H. Gregory, Dr. and Mrs. Rae, and other notables. One of his pictures, *Indian Summer*, was purchased by Lord and Lady Knutsford and given as a wedding present to the Princess Louise of Wales, who expressed her appreciation of it in the most flattering terms. His work received also many exceedingly complimentary notices from the press. Mr. O'Brien is now painting at Canterbury and intends spending the summer along the south coast of England, returning home in December.

Mr. Homer Watson, R. C. A., who is now painting in the neighborhood of London, has a good picture well placed in the Royal Academy and another in the New Gallery which was sold on the day of private view.

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W. S. SANDYS.

—

Maud Taylor.

Drowned at Pembroke, on July 23, by stepping off a train

which stood on a bridge over the Alumette river

For Saturday Night.

A little child and fair, of summers ten,

Stood in the darksome midnight's solemn hour

On the dark platform of a standing train,

Which, high in air upon the trestle bridge

Awhile did rest.

And she, dear child, in faith

That she had reached the

## Noted People.

Mr. Stead, formerly editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, contemplates visiting the United States to study American journalism.

Mrs. Joseph Chamberlain is enthusiastically declared by the London correspondent of a Boston exchange to be "the most popular woman the United States has yet sent to Europe."

Julian Hawthorne is nearly six feet tall and looks like an athlete. His sister, Rose Hawthorne Lathrop, is a very small woman, with a tiny, childish face, surrounded by fluffy auburn hair. The two are the only living children of their father, though there was another daughter, a very handsome girl, who died in England a number of years ago of a very distressing malady.

Samuel J. Tilden had a marvelous memory. A friend who was with him at the time says that while sitting at the side of the casket in which the body of Horace Greeley reposed Mr. Tilden recounted the deathbed scene, with date and place and minute circumstance, of every President and Vice-President of the United States. All the facts he related were afterwards verified without exception.

Dom Pedro seems to bear a charmed life, for neither potions nor pellets can finish him. His recovery from his severe illness last year was a surprise to those who knew him best, and recently he has had the luck to escape the assassin's bullet, for we hear that as he was leaving the theater at Rio de Janeiro, the other night, a Portuguese fired a revolver at His Majesty of Brazil, "who, however, was not injured."

Here is a pretty story of Senor Sagasta, the Spanish prime minister. Coming out from the parliamentary sittings the other day, he saw a poor little girl in the street crying. He immediately fished some bon bons out of his pocket and gave them to the child, who left off her sobs, and smiled her thanks as she ate them. The friends who were walking with the great statesman exclaimed: "Now, Senor, if only you would be induced to give your political foes a few *doucours*, that way, to quiet their outries!" "Oh, dear," said Sagasta, quaintly, "I should have to buy up a whole confectioner's shop, in order to satisfy my enemies!"

Young Alexander of Servia decidedly starts under great disadvantages in his parentage. There is not a meaner or more unscrupulous creature on earth than the ex-King Milan, and though Queen Nathalie is made of better stuff, she is bad-tempered and obstinate, and carries under the veil of civilization a good deal of the barbarism of the true Tartar. Under these circumstances, if the principle of heredity is worth anything, young Alexander ought to start as a rather poor and ill-conditioned sort of cub.

If he should turn out better than this he will deserve congratulation, and so will Servia. At present, however, the salient point about his character is that he shows an altogether regrettable love of flattery, of which, of course, he gets as much as he will swallow, which is a very large order.

The lengths to which aristocratic English ladies and gentlemen go in charitable work is shown in the following paragraph from an English paper: "A party of fashionable ladies and gentlemen, among whom were the Marchioness of Bristol, Miss Maxwell, and the Ladies Harvey, were to be seen one night last week parading the neighborhood of Belgravia in true vagabond fashion. They were attired in the very shabbiest of clothes, and carried in their hands guitars and mandolins. They were evidently on money-making bent, for they made most touching appeals to passers-by for coppers, and paid most generously for what they received, by filling the streets through which they passed with strains of music of all sorts, from nigger ditties to classic Italian melodies. The party attracted considerable attention from the unusual nature of its musical ability, but very few suspected who these beggars of high degree really were. It seems that the same party always devotes one evening in the year to thus raising an honest penny for the Hospital Saturday Fund."

A very funny instance of a work of art being used for the purposes of advertising occurred some years ago in Paris. Mires, the enterprising Hebrew millionaire, was at that time at the height of his fame, and the owner—with Emile de Girardin and others—of two or three of the most audacious daily papers, which distinguished themselves by their terrible attacks on the government of the day, and especially on the poet, Lamartine, who, like Gladstone, was of so susceptible a nature that every arrow wounded him to the quick. At length, fairly goaded to madness, Lamartine sent for Mires, and begged and implored him to desist, promising to do everything in his power for him if he would only stop this withering fire of stinging witcisms for a season. The wily Israelite was of course vastly amused by the sensitiveness of the poet-politician, but after reflecting for a few minutes, made the following proposition: "I will pledge you my word that your name shall not be even mentioned in my paper for a period of three months on one condition." "Granted beforehand!" exclaimed the enraptured bard. "I want you to make me a present of that splendid full length statue of yourself, speaking in the Chamber, which has just been executed. I merely ask you for this present as a token I can show my friends that all enmity between us has ceased!" Lamartine gladly consented to this seemingly friendly proposition, and the following morning the immense statue of the orator, standing with defiant right arm outstretched, as he appealed in eloquent and well rounded periods to his fellow deputies, was sent round to Mires' office, but alas, alas! the crafty Hebrew had concocted a most diabolical plan, and having hired a site directly opposite the door of his office, had the statue erected there in such a position, that the outstretched arm pointed to the bureau, and then underneath it he had inscribed in large letters, "Abonnez en face!" (Subscribe opposite!) Lamartine almost had a fit when he heard of this, but Mires found the trick answer admirably, and subscriptions came pouring in, for who could resist the imperious eloquence of that extended arm?

## "A Jingle of Bells out of Tune."

We heard it said the other day—and we speak on the authority of a retired officer of the Imperial army—that the great powers of the earth were ripe for a European war, and that war was imminent. Being something of a dreamer, theoretically we transport ourselves to the centers where these men congregate, the soldiers on whom the onus of war falls, literally speaking the power and strength behind the throne, of these nations who decree war with all its attendant horrors. And first of all we harken to the best and bravest of his kind, the acme of all that is brave and good in active warfare, tried and proved metal—our British soldier. The temperature up in the '80s, and these men in barrack undress. A group of them are speaking phlegmatically, not as if it concerned themselves vitally, of the probable and possible termination (both widely divergent) of such an event, meantime brushing and polishing up uniforms, going through routine drill with that bull-dog pertinacity (we cannot find a better way of expressing it) which distinguishes them from their fellows, and still with the evident determination in all their actions to do or die.

In Germany we see much smoking of pipes and drinking of lager. Jokes of a flippant and mildly philosophical order of wit come to us, which might be termed blasphemous in a less philosophical land, and under it all a look of evident'ly stolid resolution to do their best for fatherland, and so act according to the best instincts of their training. This is expressed in the true German physique.

In France we see a gaily dressed ejaculatory, gesticulating crowd wherever we see a soldier in the uniform of the Republic. He, meanwhile rising to the occasion as becomes a true citizen of a volatile nation, talking with an air of valor as to his words and bitterly revengeful feeling as to the Germans, boastfully, loudly, fiercely delivering his sentiments, and this still with an eye to his boots and the superfine fit of his clothing, verily, as Voltaire said, "a mixture of tiger and monkey."

In Russia, the land of the Czars, the land of a down-trodden race, we see silence and watchfulness, with the piteous patience of serfdom for generations expressed in their faces and attitudes. If, in the flash of an eye, a quick observer can distinguish more active feeling it is as suddenly extinguished, and still the cry of all serfdom is, must be, "Victory for the Czar, our Father! Long live the Czar!" And crashing, ringing, clangling, with all the energy of despair, is this "Jingle of bells out of tune."

The sun is setting behind a dark, thunderous-looking cloud. A rose-tinted light surrounds this cloud, and as we look the sun finally disappears, sending bright streaks of light over the opal-hued heavens, both sky and cloud become a storm fierce and wild. The sudden quiet which comes to all nature in other words the portentous hush which ushers in a battle of the elements, is on all things, when from the tower above us rings out in sorrowful, warning monotone the clang of a huge bell ringing out so discordantly and harshly that we know that it rings in war, war to the land. War in all its horrors, war in all its bitter reality, legalized murder in all its forms. Mothers writhing in agony at this horrible decree of nations, kneel and pray to God to avert the doom of a childless home; fathers more calmly await what the future has in store for them, but nothing can deafen the sound of this bell ringing in, as it were, the sound of a nation in mourning.

And there were sad parts such as press The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs Which ne'er might be repeated."

And still and above all rang out the hoarse tones of this bell, intermingled with another jingle of bells out of tune. These bells say "what matter if war spreads death and desolation to the land; victory and glory are before us, and the stain on a nation's honor must be wiped out at all cost to private individuals."

Surely in this enlightened and progressive age no rulers of nations should have the right or power to consign the flower of a land to a bloody grave, on a mere question, as it often is, of a breach of etiquette between monarchs or their representatives. If it is right, then is there no justice between man and man! And so we listen to this jingle of bells out of tune.

Bellamy's millennium, which is to come to the world in about 125 years and which he so plausibly describes to us in his book *Looking Backwards*, sets in tune many bells that are now a veritable jingle, and we find ourselves wishing sometimes that it were possible for us to be asphyxiated somewhat after the manner of his hero, and that revivification could only take place after a century or so had rolled over our unconscious heads, and that this blessed time of which he speaks, in which peace, happiness and content was established as a *fait accompli*, and not merely a hope for future years, had come. For surely progression must be the desideratum most in view in our treadmill journey through life and how can progression and its doctrines be more faithfully propagated than by abolishing war, which had its origin in the latent brutality of man's uncivilized and most cruel passions. And as we listen the clang of this bell still rings on, telling us of sorrows we cannot alleviate and the "jingle of other bells" comes to us again, saying: What though glory and the pride of victorious nations may send for an instant a glow of feverish loyalty through our veins, and for a time may seem to obliterate some of the traces of the consequences of war from our minds, yet all through the land there is this moan of "Rachel weeping" for her children. Parents weep for the sons who will never return, wives for their husbands, sisters for their brothers, and meanwhile the victorious monarch sends his or her sympathy to the afflicted ones, and "bells jingle out of tune" in the ears and against the hearts of these people whose rulers have decreed that "nation shall rise against nation."

Old man Elliott has attended every tea-meeting, wedding, fire and funeral in the neighborhood for upwards of fifty years. How he does wag his shiny old head during a marriage ceremony, and how sedulously does he seek to reduce the contracting parties to a proper sense of the seriousness of their respective obligations. How retentive does his memory prove itself as he relates the sad

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## Not So Far Astray.



Jack—Won't you take me to dance, mamma?

Mother—Oh, you can't dance, Jack.

Jack—Yes, I can dance, and my way's better dan your way, cos I dance alone, and you has to be holded up.—Once a Week.

after-life of other wedded couples, auspicious as the outlook seemed at the ceremony. And greater mental exploit follows as he relates word for word the advice he tendered them, which, alack and alas! went unheeded. Yet the sly maids of the section know full well the old man's pregnant point, and when the wedding fears are spread they make his plate the bonded warehouse for all the most select and delicious morsels. His unpleasant reminiscences seldom survive the meal, and his lifelong habit of an after-dinner *siesta*, removes him from a scene where his presence serves as a kill-joy.

At a fire he gives never-ending orders to a host of imaginary followers, and as he explains next day and for months to come, if his advice had only been followed "poor Blank wouldn't this day be a houseless an' bumless beggar, poor man." But at a funeral he is an especially great man. With what a spirit of Christian self-denial he has always left his work, arrayed himself in the garb of sympathy and walked over to "comfort the afflicted." How he moderates his tones to sombre sadness and presists in sitting up with the remains first night. Next day he superintends the grave digging and assists the village carpenter to make the coffin, and selects the trimmings himself. Towards evening he hitches up his horse and drives to the nearest town to get a coffin-plate engraved with name and age of deceased, likewise an appropriate text or stanza of a hymn. How often has he screwed down and unscrewed the coffin-lid, and hopefully explained the dire malady which cut off the dear departed in the midst of a useful life. Moreover, he excels as a neat expressor of sympathy for the sorrowing widow, and she always looks upon him as her mainstay and comfort. How fervently doth he inter-laud the burial service with resonant "Amen's," and what glowing obituary notices doth he indite for the nearest country paper, concluding invariably with the pious assurance that "he died in the full hope of a glorious resurrection." What grand lesions, too, has he drawn from the death of each neighbor; and how earnestly has he urged these lessons upon others at the weekly prayer meeting, with a violence of gesture and a forceful utterance peculiarly his own.

Old man Elliott made one mistake—the only one he ever admitted without attaching thereto an appendix of extenuating circumstances—he settled down as a farmer, when his father desired, and his natural talents indicated plainly, that he should enter the ministry. He frankly admits that the millennium has been indefinitely postponed by this error, for which he is sincerely penitent.

PEDAGOGUE DIMICK.



Herr Kutt (the barber)—Well, young mens! Vot shyle do you vant your hair cut!

Tommy Tompkins—Same style as yours!

Two of a Kind.

A Boston gentleman has a rather uneven gait, a trouble with the tendons of one of his legs necessitating the lifting of one foot higher than he does the other when walking. Whatever inconvenience this trouble occasions, he is not prone to brood over his defective gait; on the contrary, he very frequently jokes about it. Not long since a horse owned by a friend met with an accident in the shape of a saddle, and a broken gait of stranglehold is the result. Our high-stepping acquaintance met this friend while the latter was out driving, and noticing the animal's peculiarity, said: "Look here—what will you take for the horse? I see he has acquired my gait."—Boston Budget.

Explained It.

Teacher—Now, Betty, can you tell me the meaning of the word professor?

Betty—Oh, yesum! Professor is them as rides on four horses in the circus and goes up in balloons.

Of the Masculine Gender.

"Pa" Inquired Bobby, "what is a phenomenon?"

"A phenomenon, my boy," replied the old man, "is a person who excels or is remarkable in some special way."

"Is phenomenon, pa, of the masculine or feminine gender?"

"It is of the masculine gender almost every time."



## CRUEL KINDRED.

By the Author of "A Piece of Patchwork," "Somebody's Daughter," "The House in the Close," "Snared," "The Mystery of White Towers," "Madam's Ward," etc.

OUR "FAMILY HERALD" SERIES. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

## CHAPTER XXXIII.

"What is that?" asked Guy of his brother, pointing to the paper in Duke's hands.

At that moment, if he could, Duke would have evaded the question gladly—would have postponed with relief, had it been in his power, the making of the revelation. But he could not resist the command of the dark eyes, the resolute voice, and the strong extended hand. He turned away, wincing, biting his lip, as he stretched out his own hand, and, without a word, gave up what he held.

"Guy took it, held it—closed as it was—and looked across at Lady Oldcastle.

"Mother, am I to read this?"

"Yes," she said hoarsely.

In a dead silence he opened it, and read from the first word to the last. His face grew no whiter, but a ghastly change came over it as he read. He made no outcry, uttered not a word. The boy was too stunned, too crushed, too full of grief, to speak. In dead silence still, his hand holding the paper, dropped to his side, and he stood for a moment with his head bowed before asking the one inevitable question.

"Mother, is this true?"

"Yes."

She spoke mechanically, in a dull voice of despair. The son whom she adored, for whom she would have sacrificed all things upon earth but one, was merciless. But Guy—would he plead for her? It was the last possible humiliation of a proud woman that, brought to this desperate pass, she turned to the son whom she hated, and appealed to him against the son she loved.

"Guy," she cried, "speak to him—plead with him for me! He will prove the will—he will disown me, he declares. Oh, for the sake of canon mercy forget everything but that I am your mother, and entreat him to spare me, I implore you!"

As her frenzied hands caught his arm he unclasped them and moved back a pace. There was a strange smile upon his face, bitterer than the wildest outburst of reproach and despair could have been, as he looked from his mother's face to the other. She had her shams to bear, his to give him his rights to claim. And he?

He drew farther away from them, and spoke from his station apart, as though a gulf had indeed opened at his feet to separate them from him forever.

"Does he say," he asked, and looked at them both, "that he will do that?"

"I do say it!" With the same sullenly reluctant air, the younger man looked up and looked down again. "What else can I do? What else can I be expected to do? I only claim what is mine. It's a miserable business but I have been kept out of it just right long enough. What should prove mine just?"

"She is our mother," said Guy.

Duke frowned and flushed impatiently.

"As I have told her, if there were any other way out of it I'd take it," he said, avoiding a direct reply. "I must prove the will. There isn't a man who in my place would not do the same. I am my father's son and my father's heir. I have lost enough, I think. Let the truth be known, and—"

His mother had sunk down into her seat again. Now she sprang up with a cry which arrested the faltering words upon his tongue. Recalling the words, Guy who had seen her face display, he felt he had never seen such anguish upon it as now, when the last portion of her secret, which for his sake she had striven to keep, broke from her.

"The truth," she ejaculated—"the truth! Who knows the truth? You do not, your father did not, that cowardly wretch who threatened me did not! Duke, my darling, if you do as you say you will—if you use that paper in your hand—you will ruin and disgrace me only me but yourself! Before Heaven I swear that Martin Langton married me!"

From the rigid figure standing alone by the door there came no movement. From Duke's suddenly relaxed fingers the will dropped, rustling as it fell.

"It was a false marriage!" he cried.

"It was not—it was true! The woman who claimed to be his wife, and with whom he left England when he deserted me, lied, as he did. I learnt it only years after your father's death. When she knew she was dying, she wrote to me, confessing the fraud which they had both practised upon me." She moved towards her younger son and clung to his shoulder. "Duke, it is true—I swear it! I was Martin Langton's wife. I would never have said it if you had not threatened what you would do. Forgive me, my dear, my dearest."

"Come and it," said the silk merchant violently, "dy you think that just as my niece is engaged, just as every one knows of her engagement—with the very wedding-day fixed, by Jove!—dy you think I'm going to have her jilted without rhyme or reason? Dy you think I'm going to have the girl thrown over and made a laughing-stock of for the sake of some precious cock-and-bull stuff that I don't understand? If all this is true, and you're really done something so disgraceful that you dare't hold up your head among honest men or bear your own father's name, why, then you should have her yourself, by Jove, although I'd rather see her dead and in her coffin than married to you!"

The curtain that draped the long window moved a little, and Adela came in softly. Very pale, but holding her head high, she crossed over quietly and stood at her lover's side.

"There is no need to tell me, uncle Plumpire—there is no need to tell me anything. There is no one in the room," she said, with a steady look which included all there, "who can tell me anything that I do not know."

Her appearance had been so unexpected, her words and manner were so composed and calm, that for a moment even Mr. Plumpire was dumb. All saw the roll of paper clasped in her hand, and three out of the four understood. In the momentary pause that ensued she moved across to Lady Oldcastle and laid it upon her knees. Then read Sir Guy's will and his confession lay there together.

"Mother," she said, in a clear, distinct voice, smiling—"I call you so for the first time, and he for the last, you see—you need not fear any disgrace from this. The secret would have been quite safe in your son's keeping; it shall not less be so in his wife's."

"His wife!" burst out the silk merchant, vehemently. "Good heavens, Adela, are you off your head? You say you know all about this blessed mystery, whatever it is, and you say that I do know that you're speaking of a man who is his wife's confessor? Is that so?"

"You know that he is his confessor? Do you know the sort of poverty-stricken life he'll lead? And you talk about being his wife? Do you know who you are, Lady Adela, and who your father was? Do you remember who I am, and the fortune I've promised you, when you say you'll marry a man who hides himself to keep out of the felon's dock maybe, for all you can tell? If you do it—if you even speak of doing it, Adela—I'll renounce you, I'll disinherit you! You shall never touch a penny of mine, if you starve! I—" He stopped, inarticulate with rage.

"I know, uncle." Her voice, so soft and clear, sounded strangely after the boisterous one. "I know all that you have said; and you have a right not to give me your money if you please. You are very angry with me, I know, and mamma will be angry; but I cannot help it. Perhaps you will both forgive me some day. She turned from him.

"Guy," she said entreatingly, "you did not mean it, did you? You did not really mean, when you said it, that you would cast me off? If I had been your wife, would you have said we must part? Could you have done it, dear?"

"Do you think I would spend my fingers on you more yours than my promise and my love? Oh, at this moment of your life above all others," she cried passionately, "when all turn from you and you must turn from all, will you reject me, who never loved you so truly as now, and turn from me too? Guy, my dearest, whatever name you bear, I will bear it proudly; whatever life you live, I will share it joyfully! Don't break my heart! My love, my love, take me with you—not for your own sake, but for mine!"

He had turned from her; to him this was the crowning point of agony; but now, as her entrance had so touched his, he caught them in his own and held her from him.

"Guy," the younger brother cried again, "I swear upon my side that at this moment I had almost wished that this discovery had never been made—that things had remained as they have always been. We can't part like this. Some arrangement is possible. I had meant to suggest it. You renounce all, you keep secret this miserable thing—which I suppose is true—and you take nothing! It can't be—it shall not! What will you do? Where will you go? You must take something from me—I—" He broke off, his agitation stopping him.

"Nothing!" returned Guy steadily and sternly. "I have given you my pledge, and you know that I shall keep it."

He moved forward for the first time, picked up the will from the floor, and approached the chair into which Lady Oldcastle had sunk down helplessly.

"Mother," he said quietly, "I understand much now that has puzzled all my life, and that being the case, I find it easy to forgive you, Heaven knows! And, as these are the last words I shall ever speak to you, forgive

me in turn for the suffering which every day of my existence must have caused you. It was natural that you should hate me—you could hardly do otherwise. Your good name before the world is safe—your son will protect it, in doing so he protects his own. Take this—it is your right."

He placed the will in her hands. As it touched her lax fingers she started up, her wild gaze traveling from one to the other. Perhaps the supreme agony of that moment brought to her some too late realization of the bitter mistake which had been the fruit of her sin; for her haggard face was pitiful as she stretched out her arms towards her self-exiled son.

"Guy," she cried, "forgive me! Before you go, say that you forgive me!"

"Never forgive me! help as all!" he answered.

He turned away, and he would have left the room without another word but that Duke interposed quickly.

"Wait," he said, "for a moment. What of Adela?"

"What of her?" Guy stopped, and beyond the spasms which for a moment crossed his face, there was no lessening of the stern composure of his rigid-set face. "Tell her," he said steadily, "the story that you will tell the world." She had crept close at last, finding me again. The more lost and desolate she believed me, the worse she thinks of me, the better for her, for she will forget me the sooner. Tell her that I am unfit to be her husband, and acknowledged it. Tell her to forget me, for I am unworthy to live in her memory. And that is the truth!"

The door had opened as he spoke, but softly, and until now Mr. Plumpire had stood unseen upon the threshold. The silk merchant advanced, his full ruddy cheeks turning pale with consternation. The thin veneer of his gentlemanhood could not stand the shock. When he spoke, his pompous voice was loud, boisterous, threatening.

"What's this?" he demanded gruffly. "What's all this that's to be told my niece? You're not to marry her—you're not fit to marry her! Tell her this, that, and t'other!"

What does it mean, Sir Guy? I've a right to have it explained, and, by Heaven, I will, sir!"

With his right hand he struck the table with a force that made it tremble, as he glanced from Duke's pale face to Lady Oldcastle, sitting with her head drooping upon her hands. Guy answered him in a dry, emotionless tone, even and stern.

"There is no explanation, Mr. Plumpire. You heard the truth. I am not fit to be your niece's husband, and I release her. As for the title you gave me just now, I have no right to it. I shall not bear it, happy or unhappy, or claim anything that belongs to it. I renounce all, for it is the only thing left for me to do. Why I am forced to do this, why I am cut off from those of my blood for the rest of my life, is my secret. By doing this," he added steadily, "I avert worse consequences. Let your niece think what she will of me, and tell her that the only words I dare leave for her were that the worst she can think of me will fall far short of the truth."

"Come and it," said the silk merchant violently, "dy you think that just as my niece is engaged, just as every one knows of her engagement—with the very wedding-day fixed, by Jove!—dy you think I'm going to have her jilted without rhyme or reason? Dy you think I'm going to have the girl thrown over and made a laughing-stock of for the sake of some precious cock-and-bull stuff that I don't understand? If all this is true, and you're really done something so disgraceful that you dare't hold up your head among honest men or bear your own father's name, why, then you should have her yourself, by Jove, although I'd rather see her dead and in her coffin than married to you!"

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read, a passionate depth of love, faith, and devotion which only death would have the power to change or chill—a love quenched, a devotion tireless, a faith that would last as long as her heart beat. He knew it, and for his life could not have turned from her.

"Come then!" he said; and so, he with his arm about her, and she with her face upraised to him, as loving, serene, and cloudless as he had ever seen it, they passed out of the room together, and out of the lives of those they left behind.

Society found a good deal to say upon the disappearance of the master of Oldcastle Towers, and was sarcastic, scandalous, facetious, and changing humor.

Certainly, it was decided in the clubs, the man must have "been up to something" more than "shady" for him to efface himself for the rest of his days; and opinions vacillated pretty briskly among all possibilities between murder and forgery. It was also decided that Duke Oldcastle, who was a humorist, a jester, and a popular fellow, filled his mother's old shoes very gracefully, and spent the money well. And he was a very good hearted fellow too, for, if there was one thing he obviously could not stand, it was a word said against his brother. Evidently he wished the whole matter dropped.

And so Club land dropped it; but the tattle still went on in drawing rooms as to what a little fool that pert Adela Nugent had been to lose seven thousand pounds—and who knew how much more!—all for the sake of a man who had a mysterious son. She had not dare to show his face in his home, she had turned up her nose at Claude Tatton-Parker, her son, forsooth! And there were not wanting spiteful suggestions to the effect that the girl must have compromised herself in some way, or she would never have been brazen enough to do as she did, and leave the house when her lover left it, with no

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## Social and Personal.

(Continued from Page Two.)

grounds of "The Cottage" belonging to Justice Proudfoot of Toronto, and another large ball at the hotel, which was greatly enjoyed by the guests staying in the house, and also by visitors from their summer residences and from other hotels on the lake.

A most successful regatta was held at Port Carling, Muskoka, on Friday last, which drew large crowds from all the principal points on the lakes. Port Carling is especially designed by nature for aquatic sports with its large bay, entirely surrounded by hills, and giving a view of the races unsurpassed by any other point.

Mr. John Fraser, of the Stratton House, threw his house open for the occasion and deserved the thanks of all for his courtesy in allowing his private wharf to be used as the starting and judges' stand. The races were many and keenly contested. Messrs. G. Goulding and N. G. Bigelow were the judges; Messrs. Dr. Armstrong and Capt. Gibson, referees, and Mr. R. W. Simpson the starter. Valuable prizes were given and Port Carling is now boasting of having held the best regatta ever seen on the lakes.

In the evening a concert was held at which the following ladies and gentlemen took part, and the frequent encores showed the appreciation of the crowded audience present. Miss Mellish, Miss Bac, and Miss Metcalfe played a duet, also Mrs. N. G. Bigelow, Miss Bac, and Mr. Thomas. Mr. Sanford Evans gave a recitation, and Rev. Mr. Rowe a reading. Miss Evans sang beautifully, accompanied by a violin obligato by Mr. Howard. Miss Fairgrave and Mr. Morley gave a vocal duet, and Mr. Weeks delighted the audience with his songs. Mr. N. G. Bigelow was the chairman and did much to keep up the fun of the evening, his remarks being looked forward to as really a part of the programme. A vote of thanks was proposed by Mr. Hanna seconded by the Rev. Mr. Rowe to the Committee of the Regatta, Messrs. Goulding, Bigelow and Simpson, for their efforts in putting forward such a lively day's sport, and so closed one of the gala days at Port Carling.

Mrs. B. E. Maitland leaves on Tuesday to spend a month with her friends in Coldwater, Mich.

Willie Ryan has returned from a visit to his uncle, W. P. Ryan, Collector of Customs, Montreal.

Miss Mary Thompson of Buffalo, N. Y., is visiting her aunt, Mrs. Wm. Ryan of Isabella street.

Roderick A. Ryan is spending three weeks' holidays at Lake Muskoka.

Miss Keighley of Winchester street has returned home, after spending eight pleasant weeks in Walkerville.

Mrs. Snarr of Huron street, Miss Edna Snarr and Master Jack have returned from Mackinaw.

## Out of Town.

BARRIE.

Mrs. H. H. Strathy of the Hill gave an At Home last week; it was one of the most delightful which has taken place this season. The weather was all that could be wished, which made it very pleasant for those who cared to promenade through the grounds, others found pretty nooks and inviting seats where a little *loto-a-fete* could be enjoyed. The tennis lawns were in good condition for play and was occupied most of the afternoon. Among those present were: Mrs. John S. Ardagh, Mrs. Anderson, Mrs. K. L. K. Wright, Mrs. Andros, Capt. and Mrs. Whish, Mrs. O'Brien, Mrs. Daniel Spiv, Mrs. Vanquist, Mrs. Geo. J. Mason, Mrs. Dickinson, Mrs. Bridges, Mrs. Campbell, Mrs. Morton, Mrs. Jeffry McCarthy, Mrs. Percy Nelles, Mr. and Mrs. Sherwood, Col. and Mrs. Roper, Mrs. F. E. B. Johnson of Toronto, Mrs. Haughton Lennox, Mrs. Birch, Mr. and Mrs. Barnum of Parkhill, Miss McDermaid, Mr. and Mrs. Way, Mr. and Mrs. Dalkin, Mrs. John Ardagh, Mrs. J. Mockerlidge, Miss Vanquist, Miss Maynard of San Francisco, Mrs. Holmes, Capt. Bird, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Newell, Mrs. Stevenson, Mrs. Suttor, Mrs. Clifford Thompson, Mrs. St. John, Mrs. Aunt, Miss Reimer, Miss Kortright, Miss O'Brien of Toronto, Miss Boys, Miss Hewett, Mr. E. Mitchell, the Misses Mason, Miss Ada Temple of Toronto, Mr. F. and Miss Hornsby, Mr. B. and Miss Schreiber, the Misses Ardagh, Mr. George Esten, Miss Esten of Toronto, Miss Buchan of Toronto, Miss Spy, Mr. A. Giles, Miss Russell of Millbrook, Mr. W. and Miss Campbell, Miss Davis of Ottawa, Mr. H. and Miss Balke, Mr. J. S. Porter of Toronto, Miss Bryden, Miss H. Murphy, Miss H. Bird, Mr. F. H. Lander, Mr. C. H. Crease, Mr. T. and the Misses Baker, Miss Bessie O'Brien, Miss Harding of Stratford, Mr. A. P. Ardagh, Miss L. H. Ferguson, Mr. J. M. Morton, Mrs. Holmes, Miss Cook, Miss Spottis, Miss Debarr of Toronto, Miss R. McCarthy, Mr. George Fraser, the Misses Forsyth, Dr. W. A. Ross, Mr. W. Spottis, Mr. Bridges, Mr. Gillett, the Misses McKellar of Toronto, Miss E. Jackson, Mr. F. Baker, Mr. S. Diney Bridges and others.

Judge and Mrs. Ardagh and family left last Saturday for Stanley Cove, Muskoka, where they purpose staying two weeks.

Mr. Mitchell of Hamilton was in town last week.

Judge and Mrs. Boys with a small party of relatives and friends are rustinating near Big Bay Point.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Morgan and party have been camping at Sandy Cove, Lake Simcoe.

Col. and Mrs. Roper are the guests of Lady Kortright at Tollendale.

Mrs. Morris and her two little daughters have returned from Muskoka where they spent a few weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. McCarthy of Orangeville, are the guests of Mr. F. E. Pepler at Tynthead.

Last Monday being the civic holiday, there was great excitement in town, the streets were thronged with excursionists, the greater number came from Toronto. The sports and games were held at Peninsular Park and Big Bay Point, consequently the steamers Enterprise and Orillia were well patronized during the afternoon.

OCULARE

ORANGEVILLE.

There is very little to chronicle here in the way of society events during dog days. Orangeville, metaphorically speaking, may be said to be resting on its oars. Society has gone to camp, with a huge fan is calmly contemplating a trip to the lakes or some other water excursion.

T. C. Stuart, M.P.P., with his family circle and some Toronto friends, are under canvas at their charming little island in Caledon Lake.

A lake party leaves here next week for the Mackinaw, composed of Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Walsh, Mrs. Jackson of Simcoe, Miss Tuck,

Mr. W. R. C. Hunt, Mr. Dennison, and some others.

Mr. R. T. Hann of the Bank of Hamilton heads for Muskoka on Saturday morning next, there to be the guest of Mr. H. Meyers and his family party, who are in camp on the island belonging to Hon. A. M. Ross.

Mr. R. T. Hann and Miss Constance Stewart have returned from Camp Dufferin, much delighted with their stay in sylvan solitudes.

Mr. G. S. Ambrose of the Bank of Hamilton has returned from the Mackinaw considerably embrowned by his trip up the sunny lakes.

Mr. W. W. Irvin of Toronto was his companion on the journey.

A ball is spoken of for the early part of September. We sincerely hope that it may be carried into effect.

AYLMER.

Mr. P. J. Carroll of the Traders' Bank is spending his holidays visiting friends and relatives in Hamilton.

Mr. A. H. Backhouse, of the law firm of Miller & Backhouse, left this week on a holiday trip to Toronto, Kingston and other places.

Mr. H. A. Ambridge, manager of Molsons Bank, has gone on a pleasure trip up the lakes and will be absent about two weeks.

Mr. E. A. Taylor and wife of Ridgetown are spending a few days with friends in town.

Mrs. D. Stewart of this place is spending a few days with friends in Belleville.

Ex-Mayor S. S. Clutton is spending his vacation in Watertown, Dakota, visiting his brother, Joseph Clutton, who formerly resided here.

Miss Len Clark of Sarnia is at present the guest of Mrs. L. J. Parker.

Miss Mary Merriman, who has been attending the Toronto College of Music, has returned home.

Mr. A. E. Haines of the law firm of Crawford & Haines, accompanied by his wife and Miss N. Davis, left this week on a two weeks' trip down the St. Lawrence.

Mr. W. B. Graham of Ridgetown is spending a few days in Aylmer, visiting his parents and many friends.

BELLEVILLE.

Mrs. B. S. Willson is in Toronto on a visit to Mrs. A. Ponton, on the Island.

Miss Hattie Willson has gone out to Regina to visit Mrs. Hayter Read.

Miss Bessie Kelso is the guest of the Misses Bell at their summer residence at Wellington, Prince Edward County.

Mrs. McAnany, the Misses Smart and Mr. East gave a fishing excursion to their friends at the Nellie Cuthbert. They went down to Bay Hay and had a most enjoyable day.

Messrs. John and Fred Macoun are in town on a visit to their relatives.

Mrs. and Miss Herkimer have been enjoying a week's trip on the Norseman.

Mrs. Harry Wills of Guelph is at Mr. Thos. Wills' Hillcrest.

Mrs. Kincaid is visiting her sister, Mrs. Potts of Charles street. Dr. J. Potts of Montreal is expected here this week.

Mrs. Dickson and family took a trip to Niagara and are home again.

Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Abbott of Montreal are at the Kyle House till Monday, when they will be back to Alexandria for Montreal.

Mr. Douglas Ponton was in the city last Sunday and Monday. Mrs. D. Ponton is visiting Sir Sidney Cottage.

Miss Perry and her little nieces, the Misses Edith and Gertie Perry, of 300 Sherburne street, Toronto, are the guests of Mrs. Alfred White of Commercial street.

Miss Gracie Ponton is in Toronto and purposing taking a trip to Muskoka with friends.

Miss Maggie Stewart is home from a visit to Madoc, she expects to leave shortly for trip to Toronto.

L. Henderson, Q. C., and family are at Massasauga Park.

Miss Pamela Newberry gave a party on Tuesday evening which was very pleasant affair.

Mrs. Campbell of Argyle Lodge has returned from a week's visit to Toronto.

Hon. O. Lambert of Ottawa, son of the Earl of Cavan, was the guest of his sister-in-law, Mrs. S. T. Greene, for a few days.

Mr. S. T. Greene and his son Howard are cruising amongst the Thousand Islands.

Mr. G. Burrell, Mr. Stephen Walbridge and Mr. George Biggar have had a cruise down the St. Lawrence in the yacht Argosy.

S. B. Burdett, M. P., has postponed his trip to the far west, and will return to Belleville as soon as Miss Mabel is sufficiently recovered from her late illness to undertake the home journey.

Mrs. C. Bolger, sister of Mr. T. O. Bolger, City Engineer, Kingston, is in the city visiting friends.

Ex-Mayor Biggar is in Toronto.

Mrs. Sewell and Mr. B. Croft Hulme of Quebec are in town.

Mrs. N. Falkiner is at the Sand Banks.

Mr. John Lewis and his son, Mr. J. L. Lewis, purpose traveling in Switzerland, France, Holland and Germany before returning to Canada in the fall.

Mr. A. R. Carman of the Toronto *Globe*, and Mrs. Carman were in the city last week. They have gone down the river to Montreal, perhaps to Alexandria.

Two most interesting weddings are on the tapis for the early fall.

## To the Woods.

Have you ever found yourself wondering who first discovered the uses of edible roots? Fruits and berries look so tempting that it seems quite natural to suppose them wholesome, though many a poison berry proves how deceitful appearances may be. But I really think that must have been a very courageous man—or woman?—who experimented with, for instance, the ugly root of this pretty wild sycamore, and so foisted on us the chloric that now too often, uninvited and unmentioned, takes its place at our breakfast tables.

It is one of our prettiest mid-summer flowers, so purely and unmixedly blue, and per-

haps after all we need not grumble because of its unsolicited presence in our cup since, though it detracts from the flavor of our coffee, it may increase its healthfulness.

Would you ever fancy this tall, ungainly thing, the four or five stiff spikes at its head so slightly graced with small dark purple blossoms, could be a verbena? Yet it is one of the seventy or eighty members of that scattered family. A poor relation of course, but like many another such having nobler qualities than some better favored members of its race. Why was it, I wonder, that about so humble a wayside flower should have gathered such traditional reverence? True, it was supposed to possess great virtue in the healing of wounds; but this it held in common with and in no greater degree than many another. Yet the old herbalists would gather it only with hands plausibly crossed, reciting at the same time a rhymed blessing of which I now remember only the first four lines:

"Hail to thee, sweet verbena,  
As thou wast on the ground,  
For the Mount of Calvary  
There thou was first found."

Here's another wayfarer dear to the herbal-

ist of to day as it was to him of old, hoarhound, growing so freely that not the poorest hut need be without its healing help. The estrypn is its cousin as well as companion, and the wild mint is another relative; but it is a brook lover and may be found side by side with the veronica, or speedwell, that little blue flower named for her whose loving courage merited—according to tradition—that her handkerchief should bear for aye the impress of His blood-stained face who dragged His cross towards Calvary.

And all except the last are connections of this stately lilac-tinted bergamot which, born in the purple, keeps still her place in the proud seclusion of the woods, her lovely robe looking lovelier by contrast with the cloth-of-gold worn by the wild flower beside her.

They meet our glance in every sunny opening, growing together in wild profusion, and with them the low bushes of the New Jersey tea, its branches tipped with small rounded clusters of tiniest white blossoms, many of which are already replaced by quaint little three-cornered green berries. Its leaves are very like those of the Chinese plant, though lacking their fine aroma and in their day of need,

after throwing the historic boxes of tea into Boston harbor, the rebellious colonists found them no mean substitute for their foreign namesakes.

How perfectly undisturbed by our presence that creeper is. He keeps on at his insect feast, tripping slowly round the tree-trunk as coolly as if he were not on a level with our hands, and we fifty feet distant instead of ten. There! he is off. Did you notice all the white bars across the dark seal brown of his open wings? While closed they seemed only flecked with white.

How little bird music there is now. The feathered choristers go flitting through the branches with a pleasant, busy twittering; and now and again we hear the catbird's un-

musical mew-ow, or the pewee's plaintive call. But of all the glad trillings and tender warblings that fill the woods a few short weeks ago, there seems now scarcely an echo. Lovers, husbands, fathers, their rapturous heart-pourings rang through all the sunny hours, from earliest spring to midsummer; but they

"Keep silence now, for singing time is over."

Is it that for them too are "over all things sweet and all things dear"? And how shall they spend the long interval in their existence, not merely of the few weeks that must elapse before they seek the south, but of the lagging winter months between this and the time when for spring and them shall come

"New leaf, new love, to suit the newer day?"

Do they all undergo some such metamorphosis as our dapper little merry-hearted bobolink who, when youth is over, grows silent, fat and slovenly and in more southern climes is known only as that luscious morsel the reed or rice bird? No, not all. Many birds come back season after season, and a keen observer soon learns to distinguish between the love-story of youth and the fuller strain of him of mature growth.

Take care! You had almost trodden on this uncanny thing, this ghost flower growing here in the gloom of the trees, its ghastly, translucent pallor unrelieved by a single note of color in leaf or blossom. Did you ever see any-

thing like it?

"Pale, fleshy, as if the decaying dead

With a spirit of growth were animated."

Sometimes it takes on a flesh-like tint and I have then heard it called Indian pipe. But this, you see, is of an utter death-like whiteness, as distinctly unlike the snowy, creamy or pearl-tint of other flowers as is the pallor of a corpse to that lovely colorlessness which makes some healthy persons beautiful. Pah! I hate the sight of it. Come away.

What a handsome glossy dark green leaf this little wintergreen, the checker-

GHOST FLOWER

ghost flower has; and yes—so it is in blossom, its dainty white waxen bells hanging low under the leaves. Are not they fragrant? No wonder the Indians loved to mix them with their tobacco.

Why here's another of those strange parasites, its leafless stalk hung round with little apple-shaped berries, the whole plant ruddier tinted than even the bed of withered pine needles from which it springs. Pine-sap it's called, and when its blossoms hung where now are berries, a delicious honey dropped from them. I wonder no tale of love and death has been woven round it; no sad tradition of its having first sprung from the fond, forgiving heart of some Indian maiden slain by a jealous lover. But we've had enough of such weird flowers! Let us get out into the wholesome sun and away from their sad suggestiveness.

Ah! here's the lovely toad-flax so gayly, brightly beautiful, in garb of most exquisite yellow and richest orange; prettier flower there is not in the year's whole garland, and over it flutter a butterfly.

TOAD-FLAX

"That seems a living bloom to the eye."

And the wild bees

hum about its fellows with the slow motions that tell of a long day's toil, and the clouds that hang about the setting sun are tinted with colors like its own; fair promise of a glorious day to-morrow.

